

FIFTY CENTS

JANUARY 18, 1971

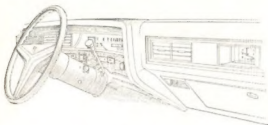
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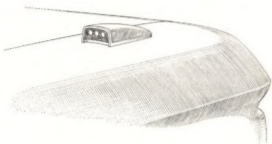
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## LETTERS

### Rough v. Miserable

Sir: It's funny to me that in your hue and cry over the decline of the family [Dec. 28] you didn't cite more alternatives. For instance, marriage is rough, but being unattached is miserable; motherhood is tiring, but childlessness is boring and has no future; being a "nuclear" or isolated family unit is pressure-causing but draws on unseen potential; and most important, that religion is the hope of mankind. Why else would we poor slobs slave away in deference to "the long run" except because it's right?

(MRS.) CAROLINE WHORF  
Los Angeles

Sir: We may survive the ecological crisis. We may survive the economic crisis. And we may survive the ecclesiastical crisis. But we may not survive the present family crisis. Unless the American family is soon restored to its place of respect and honor, our entire fabric of life in this country will come apart. For the stability of America is dependent on the stability of its family life.

DANNY SCHWAB  
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sir: When individuality is becoming a more sought-after commodity, how can people possibly conceive of raising children in day-care centers? If people are not ready to cope with the responsibilities of having children—spending time with them, guiding their morals, stimulating their thought and providing them with security—then perhaps they should read some birth control literature. A child is as much an individual as any other human. The only useful purpose I can conceive of for a day-care center is aiding in the construction of a world of "mold people." Hitler used day-care centers as an effective means of breaking down family structure, thus creating the "unconcerned German."

DANIEL S. SARGIS  
Nesington, Conn.

Sir: The picture of a man reading to three children who appear to be about four years old, captioned "Children at Day-Care Center—Less frustrated and better wives and mothers?" I would like to point out that the mothers may be fancy-free, but all three youngsters are thumb suckers. I see a correlation. Don't you?

(MRS.) VIVIAN THOMPSON  
Washington, D.C.

Sir: The third leg on one of the family members depicted on the cover of TIME interested me. I thought, perhaps, it might symbolically represent the additional strength necessary for youth to withstand the "vast demands . . . made on the family these days" and to help them face the "forces that are weakening the U.S. family structure."

Or could the third leg simply indicate that something is wrong with the family?

RICHARD L. WEAVER II  
Amherst, Mass.

► No symbolism intended, says Sculptor Marisol. It's just there for balance.

### Too Late to Believe

Sir: Your cover story [Dec. 21] presented an excellent picture of Camelot in blue and gold, as well as a clear-cut portrait of our reigning King Arthur, the leg-

endary Admiral Zumwalt. The Arthurian analogy is apt because the C.N.O., too, has his foot-dragging barons and feudal lords offering his every reform. Only now they've taken the guise of middle-level brass who, having attained a pre-determined goal, don't wish to make waves. Admiral Zumwalt can retire some of the older admirals, exile others to twilight duty, but he can't win. He can select brilliant men like Admirals Kidd and Shanahan, but he still can't win. Within the military Establishment, charisma may occasionally lead a man to prominence, but the overwhelming entrenched mediocrity will finally scuttle him. Inbred, intermarried and intellectually sterile, the system will defeat him.

And when it does, its spokesmen will say: "You see, we knew this 'bleeding heart' stuff wouldn't work." And they will blame Admiral Zumwalt, the man who gave us a brief glimpse of what the Navy could be like, given a fair chance—a chance it won't get.

RICHARD S. ROSE  
Master Chief Journalist, U.S.N.

Sir: The thousands of us who view Admiral Zumwalt as the greatest naval hero since Oliver Hazard Perry may be too sanguine. But now we at least have some reason to believe that the old spirit of "Don't give up the ship" will replace the present attitude of "Don't rock the boat," and that the United States Navy, more compassionate in its policies, more bold in its actions, will reclaim its proud and lusty tradition.

JAMES C. ROBERTS  
Lieutenant (j.g.), U.S.N.  
FPO San Francisco

Sir: It remains simply a matter of pride, principle and professionalism.

The Marine Corps is leaving Mickey Mouse at the doorsteps of the watchmakers and moviegoers, where he should be abandoned. As a non-career military man, I sincerely hope that our Corps will maintain its policies of meeting its mission with professionalism, of wearing its uniform with pride, and of leaving the press conferences, headlines and permissiveness to the expediency-minded politicians.

WAYNE A. RICH JR.  
Captain, U.S.M.C.  
Albany, Ga.

### As Easy as That

Sir: Thanks for your article on nursing homes [Dec. 28]. Both the minister and the doctor told me, "Never mind who he [your father] says; just put him in the car and put him in a nursing home." I found it is as easy as that. Once in a nursing home, an elderly person has no opportunity to call for help. I think there should be a closer check on the civil rights and preferences of people in nursing homes. On the other hand, there certainly are some devoted people and fine nursing homes. When we are old, I wonder how they will treat us.

DAVID MORRIS  
East Lansing, Mich.

Sir: Your picture "Elderly Patients in Nursing Home" was a woeful illustration. Yet for the past four years I have failed to find evidence of quoted complaints from the actual patients themselves or their families.

Surely nursing homes do not impede

their patients' freedom of speech. I wonder how many of the patients or their families, having read this article, would agree with Mr. Nader that Mama would be "far better off sharing an apartment with a homicidal son."

JOHN D. YUN, M.D.  
Havre de Grace, Md.

Sir: It was my mother's decision to go and live out her remaining years in a home for the aged instead of making her home with one of us. She had expected to maintain a degree of independence from her children, find companionship with those of her own generation, receive medical care as she needed it, and enjoy understanding from a knowledgeable and compassionate staff.

Instead, she had to endure degrading indifference or at best patronizing lies, dependency on a callous social-service staff, loss of personal freedom, loss of her right to choose and enjoy competent medical attention and facilities. We stood helpless as we watched the disintegration of this strong and noble person.

At last Ralph Nader has chosen to bring the plight of the aged in homes to the attention of the public. I would that my mother, as well as those who have survived her, had heeded Dylan Thomas' words, "Do not go gentle into that good night," but she was too ill and beaten to shout her dismay. Soon it will be our turn.

ROSALIE CRANE SCHWARTZ  
Chicago

### A Solemn Occasion

Sir: I am writing to protest your description of Polish families celebrating the Christmas Eve Vigil Dinner "with glut-

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tonous enthusiasm" [Dec. 28]. The *Willu* Supper follows a day of fasting. It is a most solemnly celebrated occasion and is so closely connected with family life that members of the family who are away feel very deeply their absence from home.

When the first star appears in the Eastern skies, the family gathers at the table for the *Willu* Supper, a feast to commemorate the birth of the God Child. In farm homes, sheaves of grain tied with colored ribbons are placed in the corners of the room, with a silent prayer for a good harvest in the next season. There is always a thin layer of hay under the white tablecloth, in memory of the God Child in the manger.

In every house in Poland, all members of the household, before sitting down at the table, break the traditional wafer, *oplatek*, and exchange good wishes. It is known as the Bread of Love. The wafers are sent by mail to the absent members.

The supper itself differs from other evening meals in that the number of courses is fixed at seven, nine or eleven; and in no case must there be an odd number of people at the table—otherwise tradition holds that some of the feasters would not live to see another Christmas. A lighted candle is placed in the window in the hope that the God Child, in the form of a stranger, may come to share the *Willu* Supper, and an extra place is set at the table for him. This belief stems from the ancient adage, "Guest in the home is God in the home." This *Willu* Supper is always meatless. It is a humble time, a time of prayer and blessings.

(Mrs.) MARIANNE REGAN  
Hazel Park, Mich.

Sir: The Poles succinctly describe their system of Socialism: "They pretend they pay us and we pretend we are working." When your writer suggests that Polish humor is "never rapiet-like at best," I think he fails to distinguish between jokes by this spirited people and jokes about them.

GORDON BLACK  
Boulder, Colo.

#### Facet of Experience

Sir: Your comments about Kate Millett's sexual preferences [Dec. 14] were unnecessary and irrelevant. Her ideas and theories ought to be judged on their own merits and not in terms of someone's prejudices with regard to proper sexual practices. The suggestion of a direct connection between her sexual orientation and the validity of her ideology is an *ad hominem* argument. Further, her bisexuality is simply a facet of her experiences as a woman and does not alter the fact that she is a woman.

LORRAINE SEXTON  
Philadelphia

Sir: Men hate an "uppity" woman; they also hate an "aggressive" woman. Ours has been a Jane Crow society for several thousands of years, and the master group always fears its chattels more than any foreign enemy. When one's inferior status is taken for granted, any attempt on that person's part to assert equality will be regarded as an act of aggression. But does anything in the present situation suggest a complete reversal of female and male roles in our society? Is it likely, for in-

stance, that women will become the chief breadwinners while men perform domestic chores? Will women become the executives, men the stenographers and clerks? Will men be denied equality under the law, prohibited from voting or managing their own property, kept illiterate, excluded from the professions as well as the most important functions of religion, and restricted to severe monogamy, while their wives flaunt their gigoles and patronize male prostitutes? Will they, in brief, be put in the position that women were in until about fifty years ago when "patriarchy" flourished in its strictest sense?

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" will soon leave everybody blind and toothless.

MARGARET BERNARD  
East Chicago, Ind.

#### Fourteen Is Not Twelve

Sir: I find highly objectionable the title of your piece "Profit Without Honor," [Dec. 21] on the musical adaptation of *Lo-lita*, as well as your sermon on the scruples that I once happened to voice concerning its filming. When cast in the title role of Kubrick's neither very sinful nor very immoral picture, Miss Lyon was a well-chaperoned young lady, and I suspect that her Broadway successor will be as old as she was at the time. Fourteen is not twelve, 1970 is not 1958, and the sum of \$150,000 is not correct.

VLADIMIR NABOKOV  
Montreux, Switzerland

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FOOTBALL ADDICT TURNING ON  
Difficult dilemmas.

## TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE  
January 18, 1971 Vol. 97, No. 3

# THE NATION

## AMERICAN NOTES The Politics of Opinion

In part as retaliation for anti-Soviet demonstrations over the fate of accused Jewish plane hijackers, much of the Communist world, led by Moscow, began a propaganda campaign against the trial of Angela Davis in California. One of the first attacks came from 14 prominent Russian scientists who wrote a letter to President Nixon suggesting that Miss Davis was being persecuted for her Communist ideology and black activism.

Nixon's reply, made through Assistant Secretary of State Martin Hillenbrand, demonstrated that he too understands the best uses of propaganda. In a shrewd and unprecedented gesture, he simply invited the 14 Russians to attend the trial to satisfy themselves that Miss Davis "will receive the same evenhanded treatment under the American system of jurisprudence as any other individual charged with a crime."

The idea suggests an interesting if far-fetched notion that some time in the future both countries might arrange to exchange observers at such trials, thus to monitor the levels of political repression. Almost no one, however, believes that the Soviet scientists will be permitted to accept. One man who worries they might be is the Marin County prosecutor—but not because he has anything to hide. He simply feels that the 104-seat courtroom where Miss Davis will be tried would overflow with the Russians, their interpreters, diplomatic escorts and security guards.

## Of Guilt and Precedent

The man who articulated an outraged world's condemnation in the war-crime trials at the end of World War II has turned the doctrine of command responsibility directly on America's former commander in Viet Nam, General William C. Westmoreland, now Army Chief of Staff. Telford Taylor, 62, who was the chief U.S. prosecutor at Nuremberg, first adumbrated his theses—without naming names—in his book *Nuremberg and Vietnam: an American Tragedy* (TIME, Nov. 23, 1970). Last week, on Dick Cavett's TV talk show and in talks with newsmen later, he said that Westmoreland could be found guilty of Viet Nam war crimes if he were to be tried by the same standard under which the U.S. hanged Japanese General Tomoyuki Yamashita.

Yamashita was judged guilty and responsible for atrocities committed by his Japanese troops in the Philippines, even though he had no regular com-

munications with his men in the field. Westmoreland was in a better position than Yamashita to prevent a My Lai; he presided over the most sophisticated and continuous net of communications ever available to a military commander.

The Army has already weighed Westmoreland's responsibility for My Lai and found him guiltless. That is hardly surprising, since it is one thing for the victor to judge the vanquished and quite another, realistically, for an army and a nation still locked in combat to judge its own too harshly.

In a narrow legal sense it is very difficult to fault Taylor's logic and his matching of painful precedent and present tragedy. Perhaps the real question is whether Yamashita, whose case was quite different from the purposeful genocide carried out by Nazi war criminals, should have been found guilty and hanged. Only if the principle applied to him in 1945 can be demonstrated to have been wrong is it possible to argue effectively that it would be wrong to apply it now. It is a dilemma that, however argued, cannot be resolved in a fashion that is very comforting to thoughtful Americans.

## A Fan's Notes

New York Post Editor James Wechsler set out in his column one day last week to try to justify the hours of stupefaction that he, like millions of other American husbands, spends watching football on the tube. To many women, an even greater mystery is how their husbands pick the teams to root for. With wondrous invention, Wechsler explained that his choices are determined by his social conscience.

Thus he rooted for Notre Dame against the University of Texas in the Cotton Bowl on New Year's Day because Notre Dame President Theodore Hesburgh stands against "racism and repression." And the game was played in Dallas, where "football is the plaything of oilmen and their right-wing political friends" and where John Kennedy was shot. In the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, Wechsler was pulling for Stanford against Ohio State because Stanford Quarterback Jim Plunkett is the son of blind parents, his mother a Chicano, and Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes is a middle-American "martinet of the old school."

Would football have lost its savor if each side mustered a ghetto black at tight end, a scholarship Indian at quarterback and a defensive secondary of Third World recruits? Mrs. Wechsler has yet to be heard from.



OLD AGE IN NEW YORK



FOOD STAMP QUEUE IN ST. LOUIS



MIDDLE-INCOME HOUSING IN THE BRONX

## Nixon Turns from Chile to Chicago

IN his first two years as President, Richard Nixon's overriding interest was foreign policy. By one knowledgeable estimate, he spent four out of every five working hours on international affairs. Says an adviser who recently left the White House: "He knows more about Chile than Chicago." Now the President intends to remedy that, and with good political reason. While he has successfully neutralized Viet Nam as an issue, domestic difficulties—notably the state of the economy—damaged the Republican showing in the 1970 elections. Nixon's own chances for re-election are at hazard in 1972, so it is no surprise that he has now turned about to tend to the nation's needs at home.

It is none too soon, for by Nixon's own measure the premier problem of unemployment has reached the peril point. Because unemployment rates ranged over 5% in the Democratic years of 1961 through 1964, Nixon regards that as "the critical number." During his televised "conversation" last week with four TV journalists, which he handled advantageously (see THE PRESS), Nixon carefully stayed within his own defensive perimeter by observing that the average unemployment for 1970 was "approximately 4.9%—a figure that he conceded was "too high." In fact, the monthly figure has already gone considerably higher; the Labor Department announced last week that the unemployment rate reached 6% in December, the highest level since 1961.

The President has clearly got the message that the economy badly needs a dose of stimulation if unemployment is to be cut substantially by 1972. Politically, Nixon has little choice but to accept deficit spending as an economic pump primer, however offensive the notion of unbalanced budgets is to orthodox Republican economics. "I am now a Keynesian," he confessed shyly after the TV conversation—which led ABC's Howard K. Smith, one of his interlocutors, to observe later: "That is a little like a Christian Crusader saying, 'All things considered, I think Mohammed was right.'"

**No Grand Design.** As Nixon left for an eight-to-ten-day working vacation in San Clemente, his financial experts—led by George Shultz, director of the Office of Management and Budget—were wrestling with a budget for the coming fiscal year that will likely run between \$230 billion and \$232 billion. That is a big jump up from the \$213 billion in federal spending expected for the year ending June 30. Since Nixon last week ruled out any new federal taxes, he will probably find himself with at least the \$15 billion deficit for fiscal 1972 that he needs to make a dent in unemployment. The budget figures have not yet been fixed, however. Draft chapters circulating in the OMB had blank spaces where some numbers should have been. In one, a wag wrote: "A few honest men are better than numbers"—Oliver Cromwell.

Nixon's overall switch in concern from international problems to difficulties at home is based

on a conviction that the Administration has established a good record in foreign affairs. The Nixon men feel that they are now moving into the matters that concern most of the country: a great deal more than disputes between the Indians and the Pakistanis—problems of the American poor, the aged, housing, the cities. The President believes that he can build a legislative record to run on in 1972, but there is no grand design for a New Deal or a Great Society. Instead, the feeling in the Administration is that most of the work has been done; what remains is to fill in the gaps and consolidate or reform existing programs.

Two of the keystone Nixon proposals to the 92nd Congress will be warm-overs of ideas that the 91st Congress never agreed to. The Administration expects to have the Family Assistance Plan, overhauling what Nixon called a "chaotic and costly welfare system," enacted within the first six months. Nixon told James Farmer, a black HEW Assistant Secretary who resigned in December, that he would go all out for it; there would be "blood all over the floor."

**Carrying the Can.** Also high on Nixon's priority list is his plan to share federal revenues with state and local governments, which are starved for new sources of money as their costs rise almost exponentially and founts of new income become exhausted (TIME, Jan. 11). The current talk is that Nixon will try turning \$6 billion to \$7 billion back to the states each year, though there is less to that than meets the eye. Only \$2 billion to \$2.5 billion would be new money; the rest would be realized by relabeling funds from existing aid programs, a transparent device that he may not get away with politically. New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller has been braying about a \$10 billion figure. Politicians in Albany calculated that New York's share of a \$10 billion national pie would come to some \$1 billion—much more than enough to make up the state's prospective deficit.

One new measure that has yet to take public shape is a health-insurance package, a counter to the comprehensive plan that congressional Democrats are already proposing. The Administration's program will be less dramatic than the \$40 billion-a-year scheme backed by labor leaders and Senator Edward Kennedy, but the White House hopes to score some political points with it nonetheless. Shultz's OMB has been wrestling with the plan for months.

As Nixon moves more and more into domestic issues, Shultz's prominence at the White House may well supplant that of Henry Kissinger. Nixon's foreign policy adviser. Hard-nosed John Connally, who takes over as Treasury Secretary next month, has already been sitting in on the budget sessions, since he will have to carry the can for much of Nixon's program on Capitol Hill. Nixon is also counting on ex-Representative Clark MacGregor, his new chief congressional



CLARK MacGREGOR



JOHN CONNALLY



GEORGE SHULTZ



NELSON ROCKEFELLER



liaison man, to come up with a better approach to the men on the Hill than the President has found to date.

**Truman Style.** Nixon will need the skilled help of Connally and MacGregor, since what he wants from a Democratic Congress are programs with his own Republican chop on them. He has one advantage over his antagonists: if they balk, he can hang on the Democratic majorities the "do-nothing" label that Harry Truman stuck the Republican 80th Congress with in his 1948 campaign.

In fact, Nixon could not resist a Truman-style slap at the outgoing 91st Congress last week, remarking that it will be remembered "not for what it did, but for what it failed to do." That may have been a tactical error: a full 467 of the 535 members of the new Congress are veterans of the old. It is problematical, too, whether the 92nd Congress will be any more receptive to Nixon's welfare-reform and revenue-sharing plans—or anything else he comes up with—than was its predecessor. The House will have

a new, scrappier speaker in Carl Albert of Oklahoma, and the Senate fairly bristles with 1972 presidential possibilities: Kennedy, Edmund Muskie of Maine, Harold Hughes of Iowa, George McGovern of South Dakota, Birch Bayh of Indiana. Outwardly, at least, Nixon is confident. "I think I know better how to deal with the Congress," he said during the televised conversation last week. "I have great hopes for the next two years, because I think I know better how to do the job."

## The Making of the Newest Nixon

OVER a period of months, the man has seemed somehow different at successive appearances, to be undergoing an almost imperceptible process of change. Observers thought that he looked a bit less jowly, more confident, more appealing. Last week, in his televised session with network correspondents, makeup could not conceal a puffiness under the eyes. His presence may never be exactly magisterial, but on the whole, Richard Nixon looks more, well, presidential than he ever has.

Part of the change may be in the eye of the beholder—the nation, after two years, has simply got used to Nixon as President. But there is more to it than mere acclimatization. For one thing, the President acquired a new barber six months ago. This artist, Milton Pitts, 54, who calls himself "Washington's leading men's hair stylist," strives to give the presidential head "the natural sculptured look." He has gradually lowered Nixon's sideburns about half an inch and his neckline by an inch—not exactly an Abbie Hoffman do but slightly less military than before. Pitts has also got Nixon away from the greasy kid stuff he was using. "His hair was curly at the edges," Pitts explains,

"It used to stick out in back. If you put oil on curly hair, it doesn't lie natural." By Pitts' analysis, Nixon had been getting entirely the wrong cut: "He has a full face. The hair used to be cut too thin on the sides and he too full just above the ear. Now, with a balanced sculpture cut, he has a more oval look."

Nixon has changed his tailoring too, and just as subtly. Anthony T. Rossi, sales manager of the President's favorite tailoring firm, H. Freeman & Son of Philadelphia, has persuaded the President to wear his somber blue and gray corporate suits with a slightly ( $\frac{1}{8}$  in.) wider lapel. Before his European trip last fall, the President bought four new suits (average price \$275). Nixon was even gently talked into a couple of reticently modish double-breasted suits, the first he has worn since his congressional days. "He's a person who doesn't like to be told what to wear, no matter what the fashions are," says Rossi. "We'll say, 'They're wearing 4-in. lapels,' and he'll say he doesn't want them quite that wide but 'I would like them a little wider.' He'll compromise." To go with the new suits, Nixon has taken to slightly wider, 3-in. ties, which

he generally buys from F.R. Tripler or A. Sulka in Manhattan.

As his physical checkup last month indicated, Nixon is remarkably fit, his blood pressure excellent. Although he takes a full dinner, he eats sparingly at breakfast and lunch. His weight is an optimum 170 lbs., down 2 lbs. in the past year. Nixon usually gets to bed by 11:30 or midnight, rises about 7 a.m. He shaves himself with a safety razor in the morning, handles the old beard problem with a quick runover by electric razor in the afternoon. If he is to appear in public or on television in the evening, he shaves again with a safety razor.

Like many Presidents, Nixon likes to get out of Washington as often as possible, especially to Key Biscayne or San Clemente, where he restores his tan (he does not use a sun lamp) and enjoys salt-water swimming. His other exercise, in Washington or elsewhere, is most often walking, and he fits in a very occasional game of golf or bowling.

Last weekend as he celebrated his 58th birthday in San Clemente, Nixon recalled: "The first real vacation I had was when I was 38, and I feel as good today as I did then." He often brings color to his cheeks by running in place 200 times before a press conference—an exercise he performed for his TV conversation last week. "The things I do for recreation," he says, "relate to the presidency."

Nixon's love of his work may account as much as anything else for his appearance of well-being. "He doesn't look upon it as a burden," says one White House insider. "He's very content with what he's doing, despite the pressures." If Nixon is looking a bit better now than he did when he took office, he offers at least partial refutation of the myth that the presidency is a man-killing job. As Lyndon Johnson used to observe, the presidency, despite all its responsibilities, also means that the man need never wait in line at airports, get snarled in traffic or suffer the thousand other minor outrages that age mortals who are less cosseted and curried.



NIXON BEFORE (MARCH 1970) . . .



. . . AND AFTER (DECEMBER 1970)





MUSKIE & WIFE GROUNDED AT HEATHROW  
An ecumenical triple play in Jerusalem, then on to Cairo.

## DEMOCRATS

### Muskie Hits the Trail

Everywhere he went he was recognized. Marooned by a fog at London's Heathrow airport, he sat with his wife, who was catnapping, her head resting on his shoulder. But soon he was surrounded by a gaggle of American youngsters heading home from a skiing trip. They excitedly demanded autographs, and Senator Edmund Muskie happily complied. The lanky Democrat from Maine was also recognized by a London shop clerk when he stopped to buy a sweater, by tourists at Jerusalem's Shrine of the Book, and even by occupants of a kibbutz in the Negev.

The trip was designed to maintain Muskie's momentum as the front-running challenger to President Nixon's reelection bid next year. The unexpected impact of Muskie's election-eve telecast in November had caused his strategists to take advantage of his early visibility and move up the long-scheduled tour by several months. The trip is also meant to build credits for him as a potential statesman, give him a firsthand feel for basic world problems and permit him to meet several world leaders.

**A Little Wary.** By hitting the campaign trail so early—even if it began some 5,000 miles away in Jerusalem—Muskie also hopes to convince potential donors that it is not too early to place their money on him. Washington Lawyer Berl Bernhard quietly opened a campaign headquarters for Muskie nine months ago. So far, \$250,000 has been raised, but one Muskie fund raiser estimates that another \$1,500,000 will be needed even before the primary elections begin. It will not be easy to raise that sum. The men being solicited, notes an aide, are "all a little wary. They want to make investments, not contributions—they want to be sure."

The trip also tested Muskie's style and stamina. He arrived in Tel Aviv at dawn, bleary-eyed after flying all night. Yet he gracefully handled an airport press conference that he had not expected. At Hebrew University in Jerusalem, facing aggressive questioning by students, he coolly avoided saying anything that could possibly affect the delicate negotiations toward peace in the Middle East. Accused of being a lite-comer in opposing the war in Viet Nam, Muskie candidly conceded that he was "guilty of misunderstanding" the situation in the early 1950s, but argued that "if your specification for public office is complete consistency, you're going to find few promising candidates in this room." He was frequently applauded.

**Three Religions.** To further his fact-finding and get-acquainted goals, Muskie spent 90 minutes in a private discussion with Prime Minister Golda Meir, dined with Foreign Affairs Minister Abba Eban and spent more than an hour with former Premier David Ben-Gurion. With temperatures in the high 80s, Roman Catholic Muskie performed an ecumenical triple play: he took off his shoes to enter the Moslem Dome of the Rock, perched a yarmulke on his head at the Wailing Wall and talked with a Christian priest at the shrine of the Holy Sepulcher.

This week Muskie was scheduled to fly to Cairo and hear the other side of the Middle East controversy from top Egyptian officials. He then will go to Moscow, where he hopes to see Premier Aleksei Kosygin, and to West Germany for a visit with Willy Brandt. The rest of the tour was on the mind of one alert student at Hebrew University who asked Muskie, amid laughter, a key question: "I would like to hear what you will tell the Egyptians when you go to Cairo." Muskie smiled, gulped a glass of water, and showed

his ability to debarb a question. "As Adlai Stevenson once said," Muskie replied, "I can hardly wait to hear myself."

Despite Muskie's fast start, the competition is already gathering. Last week South Dakota's Senator George McGovern resigned from the chairmanship of the Democratic Party's reform commission so that its work would not be jeopardized by his candidacy. McGovern, who intends to stake out a position to the left of Muskie, is expected formally to announce next week his intention to seek the presidency.

## REPUBLICANS

### A New and Hungry Chairman

It was a job no one else seemed to want, and so, as has become his habit, Kansas Senator Robert Dole reached for it. Easily the Senate's most ambitious and aggressive freshman, Dole, 47, emerged last week as President Nixon's latest choice for the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee: he is expected to be confirmed this week. At least two other men, Bryce Harlow and Donald Rumsfeld, had declined the position since late November, when Nixon announced that he would appoint the present chairman, Maryland Congressman Rogers Morton, as Secretary of the Interior.

The party chairmanship has lost some of its allure for professional politicians because election strategy and party power are so completely closeted in Nixon's White House. The President re-emphasized that last week on television by declaring: "When I'm the candidate, I run the campaign." Nixon is expected to select an intimate, such as John Mitchell or Robert Finch, as his 1972 campaign manager.



SENATOR DOLE  
From St. Bernard to Doberman pinscher.

paign director instead of relying on the G.O.P. chairman.

Dole's role thus will be that of a party spokesman rather than an organizer. Articulate and sometimes abrasive (TIME, July 6, 1970), Dole is expected to be rougher and sharper than the amiable and widely admired Morton. The difference, observed one White House aide, is that "Rog is a big old St. Bernard, while Dole is a hungry Doberman pinscher." One leading Republican offers an intriguing rationale for the switch: Morton was never as partisan as Nixon wanted, so Vice President Spiro Agnew took up the hatchet duties. Now Dole will eagerly perform them, while an attempt is made to soften the Agnew image and give him broader appeal; if this fails, Agnew will be dropped from the 1972 ticket.

**Stealing Furniture.** Dole's appetite for combat was obvious in the 91st Congress, where he was appalled to see how few Republicans seemed willing to challenge the Democratic majority. Sometimes none were even on the floor. "My God," he recalls, "the Democrats could steal the furniture." So Dole, whose committee duties occupied little of his time, made it a point to be on hand to defend the Administration. That loyalty did not go unnoticed at the White House. A conservative on most issues, Dole vigorously assailed critics of Nixon's Viet Nam policies, defended the AHM and, although he styles himself a liberal on civil rights, supported Nixon in the losing fights to confirm Haynsworth and Carswell to the Supreme Court.

When conservative Republican Senators talked about challenging Pennsylvania's highly independent Hugh Scott as minority leader, Dole was one of the few who were eager to run against him—a brash notion for a newcomer. He has promised to vote for Iennewise's Howard Baker, 45, if Baker tries to push Scott aside when the new Senate convenes this month. Scott, of course, resents Dole. In spite of four hours of talks between them last week, Scott still sharply opposed Dole's selection as chairman.

**No Upstaging.** With typical candor, Dole nonetheless openly campaigned for the chairmanship. He pleaded his case with White House Aides H.R. Haldeman and Harlow, talked to Mitchell and finally discussed the matter with Nixon—and proved persuasive. Although he could not dissuade Scott, who argued that the Senate and the chairmanship both ought to be full-time jobs, Dole insists that the two men can work together. "We both have one object: to re-elect Richard Nixon," he says. "I hope Scott looks upon me as an ambitious Senator. I look upon him as the leader. I'll make no effort to upstage him." The conciliatory approach is a good start, although Scott cannot be faulted if he remains skeptical about Dole's pledge to accept a back seat in the Senate while out front speaking for the Republican party nationwide.

## MINNESOTA

### Palmer's Pumpkin

His name was hardly a household word in Minnesota, and virtually all Richard Palmer, 40, knew about politics he put in the papers he ran—two Duluth weeklies owned by his father. So it seemed mildly quixotic last fall when Palmer laid down his pencil and took up a megaphone to run for the Minnesota state senate.

The gesture was decidedly well timed. Palmer's opponent, Francis ("Frenchy") LaBrosse, though a six-year incumbent, was suffering from the wounds of a feud with his own Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party. Thus, in a traditionally Lib-

self the most pivotal political figure in the state, holding the vote that would give control to either the Liberals or Conservatives in organizing the senate. Beyond the usual perks of patronage and committee chairmanships, the vote had special significance. With Minnesota facing reapportionment, the party in power would be able to redistrict to its advantage.

**Scared to Death.** Within hours of the election, party paladins from both sides were beating a path to Palmer's door. D.F.L. Governor-elect Wendell Anderson flew to Duluth to offer his congratulations and brotherly advice. Outgoing G.O.P. Governor Harold LeVander was right behind him. Hubert Hum-



PALMER & WIFE ON SNOWMOBILE AT PIKE LAKE

Some very funny things began to happen on the way to the ball.

eral district, Palmer positioned himself as an independent, free of party entanglements. In what seemed an innocent enough proposition at the time, he promised to line up with whichever party gained control of the senate. The appeal worked, and Palmer became the first non-Liberal senator ever elected in his district. It was pure Cinderella, with Palmer as the star. Then some very funny things began to happen on the way to the political ball.

When the tally was in, the Minnesota senate was split evenly down the middle: 33 Liberal senators, 33 Conservatives—and Independent Palmer. The political neophyte woke up to find him-

phrey checked in with a phone call, as did a host of other D.F.L. members. The G.O.P. countered by flying Palmer to St. Paul for a meeting with the party's top legislators. It was all very flattering, but dismaying too.

"I'm scared to death," Palmer admitted in the midst of it all. "It's such a serious responsibility." Indeed, nothing had really prepared him for the experience. The father of two teen-agers, Palmer is a Duluth native who attended two years of college at the local branch of the state university before joining the family business. His house is perched beside Pike Lake, and he is a true northlander, boating, fishing and water-skiing in the summer, snowmobiling with his family during the winter. He was aware that, however he decided, he was in for trouble. "Whatever I do, I'm going to lose," he said. "If I go Conservative, the Liberals will be mad at me and vice versa."

Minnesota is one of two states (the other: Nebraska) that have nonpartisan legislatures. Candidates do not run under a party label. They are either Conservatives or Liberals, although in most cases the Conservatives are Republicans and the Liberals are D.F.L. members.

Then the situation altered. The Liberals lapsed into a curious silence, while the Conservatives followed through with their honeyed pitch. They hinted at important committee appointments should Palmer caucus Conservative. Essentially following his own political leanings, on November 30 Palmer finally cast his lot with the Conservatives.

That should have ended the saga, but there were even more bizarre events to come. Not long after the election, Palmer's Liberal opponent had filed an unfair-campaign-practices charge against him, based on an unflattering editorial that had appeared in a Palmer family newspaper. But since the vote totals were not in question, Palmer had already been issued his certificate of election. Then came the bombshell.

Last week, minutes before the swearing in of the new senate, Lieutenant Governor Rudolph Perpich, a former D.F.L. senator, ruled that Palmer could not take the oath of office until the senate judged the unfair-practices charge against him. Perpich also shattered senate precedent by ruling that the Lieutenant Governor can break a tie on votes relating to the organization of the senate. The rulings wiped out both the Conservatives' 34-33 margin and Palmer's position in the legislature.

The result was near chaos. State Supreme Court Chief Justice Oscar Knutson refused to swear in any senators if not all 67, including Palmer, since all had election certificates. The oath was administered anyway by a Liberal senator qualified as a notary public. Amid the uproar, Palmer too stood for the oath; in the confusion he had been sworn in earlier as well by another notary public, a brother of one of the Conservative lawmakers. All to no avail.

In the arguing that followed, a number of votes were taken, but each time Perpich refused to recognize Palmer's vote and instead counted himself as the 34th and majority-producing vote for the Liberals. Finally, the Conservatives marched out en masse, and the Liberal senators remained in session, electing officers and establishing 16 committees, all with Liberal chairmen.

At week's end the Conservatives were marshaling their forces for a battle in the state supreme court to contest the legality of the Lieutenant Governor's two rulings. If the rulings stand, Senator-elect Palmer's political coach may well turn into just another pumpkin.

## ILLINOIS

### Paul Powell's Nest Egg

Illinois Secretary of State Paul Powell had a simple definition, expressed in the negative, of a successful politician: "There's only one thing worse than a defeated politician, and that's a broke one." For 42 years, Powell was an undefeated politician. Now, three months after his death, at age 68, his executor, the Illinois attorney general and the Illinois Bureau of Investigation are taking the true mea-

sure of his success. Powell, who in his lifetime of public service never earned more than \$30,000 a year, left an estate worth more than \$2 million—\$800,000 of it in bills packed into shoe boxes, briefcases and strongboxes in the closet of his hotel suite in Springfield.

The cache has set off a flurry of investigations into the career of Illinois' Mr. Downstate Democrat. Powell served 30 years in the state legislature before becoming secretary of state, including three terms as speaker of the house and four terms as minority leader of the assembly. He was an orator given to ungrammatical homespun anecdotes and a campaigner whose baby-kissing torays through county fairs belied his state-

up with the grand jurors wanting to know from me where they could buy racetrack stock."

When he died of a heart attack Oct. 10 in the Rochester, Minn., hotel room where he was staying as an outpatient of the Mayo Clinic, a bizarre chain of events began to unfold. His death was kept from the press and public for more than 24 hours while top aides searched through his office at the state capital, ostensibly to remove personal papers that Powell would not have wished to be made public.

**Bemused Beneficiary.** John S. Rendleman, chancellor of Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville and executor of the estate of the twice-widowed, child-



POWELL POSING WITH MOTORCYCLE (1968)  
*Just a big old country boy who could smell the meat acokin'.*

house reputation as a master of patronage. His annual "flower fund" was required charity for all Powell appointees, and with 2,000 patronage jobs at his disposal during his five-year term as secretary of state, he was able to enforce his oft-stated fondness for doling out jobs and commanding loyalty. "I can smell the meat acokin'," Powell said whenever the subject of state jobs was raised. He also had a certain charm, summed up by a boyhood friend: "Paul was just a big old country boy—he could shake you down and make you like him."

**Unscathed.** There were several brushes with scandal during his political career, usually centering on his love for horse racing, but each time Powell emerged unscathed. After a grand jury investigation into a stock purchase in a harness-racing corporation whose legislative cause he had championed, the exonerated Powell commented: "It wound

less Powell, discovered the money in the Springfield hotel room the day after funeral services had been held in the capitol rotunda. "The closet was full of money," Rendleman said. It took three bank tellers more than four hours to count the money. Rendleman did not make the find public until nearly three months later, while he searched neighboring banks for additional funds.

As Illinois Attorney General William Scott began an investigation into how Powell got the money and how much of it the state could collect in taxes, the chief beneficiary of Powell's estate was as bemused by the booty as the investigators. The Johnson County Historical Society Museum, newly endowed with \$1.5 million of Powell's money, was unsure just how to spend the funds on its two-room display of historic farm tools, whose previous maintenance was \$200 per year.

## POLITICS

### Cause Célèbre

*There is such a feeling of powerlessness in this country. It is as true of the executive who commutes every morning from Greenwich to Wall Street as it is of the blacks, the young, the blue collar, the housewife. We all have the feeling that we want to complain to the manager, but the manager is invisible. Nobody knows who he is or where to find him.*

Thus John Gardner, the protean former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, explained the mood in which last summer he founded a citizens' lobby called Common Cause (TIME, Aug. 10). From the start, Gardner, 58, gave Common Cause uncommonly experi-

tiwar Moratorium, and Peter Edelman, 32, who was a key aide to Senator Robert Kennedy. One source of legal advice is Lloyd Cutler, who has represented General Motors in Washington.

In an ad that took a full page in the New York Times last week and is also appearing elsewhere, Gardner explained Cause's cause: "One of our aims will be to revitalize politics and government. The need is great. State governments are mostly feeble. City government is archaic. The Congress of the U.S. is in grave need of overhaul. The parties are becoming useless as instruments of the popular will." Gardner's initial attack is on those last two targets.

This week he intends to seek an injunction against the Republican, Democratic and Conservative parties for flouting federal law restricting campaign do-

their Senators and Representatives for reform. If a member has special clout, Cause may arrange for him to come to Washington, usually at his own expense, to talk to the capital's movers and shakers. The seniority question now has priority because the crucial chance for immediate change will come when the 92nd Congress convenes on Jan. 21.

**Folk Cynicism.** Good intentions are not enough to make a citizens' lobby effective. Some such efforts, Gardner concedes, have been "fumbling, inchoate, amateurish." He hopes that Common Cause will be different because of the special expertise and influence of its supporters, and because it is an idea whose time has come. Besides, he insists, "the folk cynicism about citizen efforts is negated by the record. The conservation movement, family planning, the Viet



GARDNER WITH COMMON CAUSE VOLUNTEERS

*Plenty of things have happened just because people raised hell.*

enced leadership, since he is a familiar of classroom and board room as well as Government. His mission is to reform the American system from within, and in Common Cause's six short months since parturition, the response, he says, has been "simply astonishing."

Common Cause has already enlisted 53,000 members; each contributes at least \$15 in annual dues, and many volunteer much more. With a big advertising campaign, Gardner hopes to pick up another 20,000 in the next few weeks; his target for the end of 1971 is a total of 100,000 citizens. The Cause's kitty has built up at least as rapidly. Gardner, who once headed the Carnegie Corporation, has already raised some \$900,000 through memberships. Two early financial angels were Howard Stein of the Dreyfus Fund and John D. Rockefeller III. Experienced men-about-government are signing on as permanent or part-time advisers—among them Sam Brown, 27, a leader of the 1969 an-

nors to a \$5,000 maximum per candidate. According to the Common Cause complaint, the parties have regularly set up campaign committees that enable a contributor to give much more than the amount permitted by the Corrupt Practices Act. Moreover, some of those committees spend more than the \$3,000,000 allowable annually, Gardner charges. Next week Gardner will testify in Washington against the seniority system for picking congressional committee chairmen; one prominent House Democrat thinks that Common Cause can grasp enough of the power levers to get rid of seniority—"something we could never do without outside pressure."

Attacking the seniority system is the present preoccupation of Common Cause volunteers, who nightly man a 14-telephone "boiler room" in their M Street offices in downtown Washington. The volunteers' telephone important Common Cause members around the U.S., asking them to put pressure on

## "Everybody's organized but the people."

*John Gardner asks you to join him in forming a mighty "Citizens' Lobby" concerned not with the advancement of special interests but with the well-being of the nation.*

Nam peace crusade have done pretty well." Women got the vote, child labor was abolished, Prohibition was imposed and then repealed, he says, all "because people raised hell."

## TAXES

### The Bachelor's Bite

Among the penalties for remaining unmarried in the U.S. has been a disproportionately high income tax rate. Under the tax-rate schedules there seemed to lurk a sort of nagging, bureaucratized mother's voice: "When are you going to get married? Believe me, it's cheaper." In some ways, it was. For 1970, a single person with a taxable income of \$12,000 will pay 25% more in taxes than married couples with the same combined income—\$2,830 v. \$2,260. But as part of the 1969 Tax Reform Act, in filing returns for 1971 the same single person will have to pay only \$2,630, or 16% more than the couple.



**"Firestone's SUP-R-BELT?  
I drove over 15,000 miles myself and  
I just worked the night shift part of the  
mileage test!"**



I'm Ray Rarey, and this is how I helped test the Firestone Sup-R-Belt.

Firestone set up the mileage test for the Sup-R-Belt tire using non-professional drivers, like me—most of us were college boys from The University of Akron.

We worked three shifts a day—around the clock—running up about 1,200 miles a day, on the average. One of the things they told us was "no babying"—so we kept pretty close to the legal speed limit whenever we could.

And we didn't do anything way out of the ordinary. We just kept the right air pressure and made sure the front wheels were in line. We even shifted the tires from car to car to make sure they all got the same kind of wear.

One of the things that really impressed me was the traction we got from the Sup-R-Belt on wet, slippery roads. Even long after 20,000 miles were on the tires I felt that the Sup-R-Belts still handled just fine. And that gives you a lot of confidence in a tire—especially the way we drove.

Sup-R-Belt. Belted twice  
to be twice  
the tire.



The Sup-R-Belt is a double-belted tire; that's why Firestone can build in so much mileage and strength. But the fact that they reinforce the sidewalls and have their own way of bonding the tread to the body adds to the life of the tire, too.

That's what actually happened to me and how I feel about the Firestone Sup-R-Belt.

**Firestone**  
The Mileage Specialist.



## A VOYAGE TO UTOPIA

WE were all a little mad that winter," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson, recalling the emotional excitement of 1840. "Not a man of us that did not have a plan for some new Utopia in his pocket." As common as a handkerchief and as casually displayed. Today, pockets seem to be empty of anything so inspiring. People are doubtless as distressed about social conditions as they were in 1840, but what has happened to Utopia? Those once myriad visions of ideal societies have all but disappeared, or have been transmogrified into the demonic dreams of science-fiction. Gone are the blessed isles, the jungle retreats, the mountain fastnesses, the subterranean wonderlands that promised a perfect life free of toil and torment. The urge to envision an earthly paradise seems to have spent itself.

Or has it? After all these centuries of trying, the search for paradise is not so easily abandoned. If man cannot find paradise in one place, he will look for it in another—and so he has today. He has found it within himself. In spite of all that Freud has taught the 20th century about the ambivalence of inner drives and longings, a growing number of modern thinkers have put their faith and hope in the psyche as the last refuge of idealism in a corrupt, unhappy world. Charting the physical decline of one civilization after another, historian Arnold Toynbee took comfort in what he called the "etherialization" of mankind: the tendency of advancing societies to encounter internal rather than external challenges, to move from a material existence to one that is more spiritual. Similarly, the Jesuit philosopher Pierre Teilhard de Chardin was persuaded that evolution has brought civilization to a higher state of consciousness—a "noosphere" that will ultimately unite man, at the "Omega" point, with God.

## Escape from Repression

Less lofty, others contend that Utopia can be achieved by a liberation of the instincts. Philosopher Herbert Marcuse argues that today's technological society has concentrated undue power in the hands of a few political and economic monopolies that suppress the freedom of a paralyzed citizenry. Only by removing this "surplus repression" and "eroticizing the entire personality" can man once again learn how to love and create. The libidinal mystic Norman O. Brown wants to return to the unfettered pleasure seeking of infancy, where all "pansexual" desires are instantly gratified. "The real world," he writes in *Love's Body*, "is the world where thoughts are omnipotent, where no distinction is drawn between wish and deed." Even mental aberration can be a form of Utopia, maintains British psychoanalyst R.D. Laing (see *BEHAVIOR*). The schizophrenic makes a journey into self, says Laing, that is every bit as awesome as exploring a jungle or climbing Mount Everest. He goes "back and through and beyond into the experience of all mankind, of the primal man, of Adam and perhaps even further into the beings of animals, vegetables and minerals."

The new utopianism has brought a revival of mysticism and a fascination for the religions of the East, such as Zen Buddhism, which promise perpetual escape from everyday reality into a richer world of the spirit. According to historian Theodore Roszak (*The Making of a Counterculture*), "objective consciousness," which deals with the here and now, is being replaced in the counterculture by a "superconsciousness" that overflows all logic and limits.

Rozsak wants to restore the wisdom of the shaman to an honored place in modern society. That ancient wise man of primitive life, Rozsak contends, is able "to diffuse his sensibilities through his environment, assimilating himself to the surrounding universe." Acting on this advice, anthropologist Carlos Castaneda of U.C.L.A. put himself in the hands of a Mexican Indian shaman. As Castaneda describes it in *The Teachings of Don Juan*, the objective world vanishes completely as the author moves from one hallucina-

nogenic drug to another in a fury of inner feelings that he rather tamely calls "nonordinary reality."

Drugs, of course, are a favorite way of reaching inner Utopia. It was no accident that Aldous Huxley, who renounced classical Utopia in his scathingly satirical *Brave New World*, should turn to drugs in a desperate attempt to find an alternative. His last novel, *Island*, limns a different kind of paradise, where everybody is kept mildly euphoric with the help of drugs and hypnosis. Others have followed in Huxley's path with even greater exuberance. Timothy Leary, for example, urged taking LSD in order to "groove to the music of God's great song. If you become an ecstatic saint," he added, "you become a social force. New underground movements spring up." In a twinkling, the world can be transformed. The American superstate disintegrates as revelers turn on, tune in, drop out.

## The Burden on Youth

In *Ideology and Utopia*, Sociologist Karl Mannheim pointed out that every utopian movement requires a certain class interest to sustain it. The economic needs of the deprived proletariat, for example, inspired the socialist Utopias of the 19th century. The burden of today's inner-directed Utopia has been placed on youth. In the most talked-about book of the year, *The Greening of America*, Yale Law Professor Charles Reich contends that Utopia has all but arrived, its insignia evident everywhere in the dress and song of youth, in its language and gesture. The rest of the population has no choice but to fall in line and enjoy the inevitable triumph of Consciousness III. *The Greening of America* has succeeded in empowering not a few reviewers and readers with rage. The dissenters argue that neither drugs nor superconsciousness, nor even "grooving to God's great song," is their idea of Utopia.

It was certainly not the traditional idea. The creators of classic Utopias were not much interested in liberating the personality or reaching the inner man. They wanted to constrain the inner man with his ungovernable impulses. They wanted—let us admit it—to repress the personality. "The tyrant of individualism has forever been put down," boasted a 19th century Utopian called *The Crystal Bution*. In a 1903 utopian novel, *Linanora*, everyone is deliberately made to work too hard to have time to think about himself or his desires. Those who persist in the glorification of sensory pleasures are exiled to an island called Kloriotie, which, perhaps not incidentally, sounds like a detergent. Today, it would doubtless be a very crowded island.

That first and greatest of utopian thinkers, Plato, banned most poets from his Republic because they exalt emotion over reason. Even so cheerful a philosopher as Sir Thomas More (who invented the name Utopia, which is Greek for *no place*) argued that all sensual pleasures should be pursued only for the sake of health. Other Utopians were equally antiseptic. In *The City of the Sun*, by the 17th century writer Tommaso Campanella, no woman was permitted to have sexual intercourse until she was 19; a man had to wait until he was 21—or longer, if he happened to be pale-complexioned. Those stalwarts who managed to abstain until they were 27 were to be paid homage at a public gathering, where hymns were sung in their honor. In John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the voyager Christian can reach the Celestial City—which 17th century artists sometimes pictured as a snugly fortified medieval town—only by conquering the fleshly temptations celebrated by today's turned-on idealists. Sidestepping sleepy-eyed Sloth and Presumption, Christian gains Utopia, or Paradise, by following the directions of the chaste damsels Discretion, Prudence, Piety and Charity.

When the age of sentiment arrived in the late 18th century, emotions, it is true, were treated with more forbearance. The utopian socialist thinker Charles Fourier

# A IN THE YEAR 1971

designed a "phalanstery" (from the Greek "phalanx"), a community where self-expression was to be freely indulged; its 1,600 inhabitants—the ideal number—would work and make love as they pleased, at least until the millennium came, when the oceans would be transformed into the kind of lemonade Fourier enjoyed at Paris cafés. But the principal passion of most Utopias continued to be rule making. A mythical land called Lithconia, invented by an anonymous American writer, abolished marriage and approved free love. Almost free. Before the passion could be consummated, the lovers-to-be had to sign a register. As long as their names appeared on it, they were forbidden by law to take another lover. No one, apparently, ever escapes the long arm of the law in Utopia.

Many Utopias tried to return to a simpler, less artificial existence. In Louis Sébastien Mercier's *Memoirs of the Year 2500*, simplicity was achieved, in part, by burning all superfluous reading matter in one vast holocaust. As the state Librarian dryly explained: "It is an expiatory sacrifice to



THE CELESTIAL CITY, FROM BUNYAN'S "PILRIM'S PROGRESS"

veracity, to good sense and true taste." In 19th century New England, Transcendentalist intellectuals, much like today's commune dwellers, tried to put Utopia into practice. At Brook Farm, they earnestly devoted themselves to a rigorous life of the soil. But their personalities proved too complex for their simple rural setting, and they soon fled back to the security of imperfect, industrial society.

## Menace in Perfection

As the industrial era advanced, Utopians sought salvation in technology. The efficiency of machines was supposed to compensate for wasteful human habits. Writers competed in producing the most dazzling visions of the future, even though their speculations were soon made obsolete by rapid progress in real life. In 1883, for example, the Scottish writer John Macneil wrote of a Utopia called *The Diothas*, in which he described a horseless carriage that could go as fast as 20 miles per hour (faster downhill). Obviously carried away by his vision, he even fantasized a "white line running along the center of the road. The rule of the road requires that line to be kept on the left, except when passing a vehicle in front. Then, the line may be crossed, provided the way on that side is clear." O brave new world!

Technology proved to be a dubious means of establishing universal human happiness. Its resources were too easily employed to destroy life instead of enhancing it. Hideously enough, totalitarians like Hitler and Stalin were the first to make Utopia a practical possibility on earth. They ap-

propriated the iron discipline of Utopia while discarding its yearnings for community and brotherhood. Observing Bolshevism in action, the Russian philosopher Nikolai Berdyaev wrote in alarm: "Utopias seem very much more realizable than we had formerly supposed. Now we find ourselves facing a question which is painful in a new kind of way: how to avoid their actual realization." This fear was shared by many other writers who began to turn out anti-Utopias warning of the menace in the quest for perfection.

In creating a Utopia, an author assumes a God-like stance—a fact admitted by the social engineer who devised the briskly efficient community described in Psychologist B.F. Skinner's novel *Walden Two*. "I like to play God," the master-manipulator proclaims. "Who wouldn't, under the circumstances? After all, even Jesus Christ thought he was God!" In a way, it is something of a relief to turn from social architects who want to program human behavior to the modern variety of Utopian, who seeks power only for pleasure. "Do it!" commands the utopian sprite Jerry Rubin—meaning just about anything one wants to do. And it can be done with a clear conscience as well. Even if someone does not want to do anything, he can help build Utopia. If Marshall McLuhan is to be believed, just by sitting around and watching television, people participate in a tribalism of feelings that is making the whole world one. One what? Vegetable? Well, vegetables are much on the minds of Utopians these days. Many of them have rejected meat and its association with the hunt and the kill. Everything that is disagreeable is permanently banned from today's Utopia. If you follow your inner light, you cannot possibly go astray.

## Loss of Control

The classic Utopians were more realistic. They knew that evil could not simply be willed (or smoked) away, that it had to be handled decisively or it would undermine human community. "All that is necessary to describe the new society is to describe a new way of life," writes Charles Reich at his most euphoric. But while he is contentedly describing Utopia for the benefit of his enchanted listeners, others may be acting quite contrary to such instructions. The weakness of inner Utopia is that it surrenders control of outer events. In the end, it may prove to be guilty of the most discussed sin of modern times. It may be irrelevant.

The classic Utopias were often quite relevant to the real world. They projected patterns of life and politics that were later adopted. Universal suffrage, the separation of the powers of government, the basic ingredients of the welfare state were first suggested by utopian thinkers. Wrote Anatole France: "Without the Utopians of other times, men would still live in caves, miserable and naked. Utopia is the principle of all progress, and the essay into a better world." A world increasingly threatened by universal pollution and weapons of total destruction needs utopian thinking more than ever. It may be that only a vision of Utopia can combat the dystopia of contemporary life.

Yet a Utopia without a respect for the richness of individuality is not worth having—the chief lesson, perhaps, of the 20th century. It is out of revulsion against the omnipotence of the technological state that the inner Utopians have rebelled. In doing so, they have created a monster of the spirit just as surely as earlier Utopians built a prison for the body. Utopia is not meant to be lived in. At its best, it is a model for the exemplary life, not a guide to reality. As he brought his majestic *Republic* to a close, Plato acknowledged that he had written it to build a better city within the heart of man. We live in a world that is part reality, part dream: the tension between the two is the source of our creativity. If the temptation of the traditional Utopia was to slip into totalitarianism, the temptation of the new is to dream one's life away.

• Edwin Warner

## THE WORLD

# Lowering the U.S. Profile Throughout Asia

EVER since the Nixon Doctrine was enunciated 18 months ago, it has been a subject of widespread debate—and frequently an object of widespread confusion. The doctrine has been hailed as an antidote to the sort of thinking that led the U.S. into Viet Nam and scorned as window dressing designed to cover up a hasty retreat. To some allies, it seemed to presage a renegeing on past promises. The controversy about the doctrine's eventual results is likely to rage for some time, but one thing has become quite clear: before the 1972 elections, President Nixon is genuinely determined to give the U.S. a substantially lower profile in Asia.

The chief tenet of the doctrine, in the words of a White House aide, is that the U.S. will "reduce our presence while maintaining our commitment." Already the American troop level in Asia has been reduced by nearly a quarter of a million men. Last week, en route to Saigon for a personal inspection of the Viet Nam war zone, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird announced that by midsummer U.S. fighting men will no longer seek ground combat in Viet Nam. Because they will still provide air, artillery, logistic and security support for South Viet Nam's army, American G.I.s will still face some combat. But Laird's

announcement heralds an end to U.S. ground offensives, the infantryman's "dirty little war" that has claimed the vast majority of the 44,241 American lives lost in Indochina.

**Sharp Knives.** Nixon first proclaimed the doctrine on Guam during his 1969 Asian tour, and in last year's "State of the World" message to Congress he spelled it out more fully. The U.S. will continue to guarantee protection to its allies against nuclear attack and will "furnish military and economic assistance when requested and as appropriate" against other kinds of aggression, Nixon said. He added, however, "we shall look to the nation directly threatened to assume the primary responsibility for its [nonnuclear] defense."

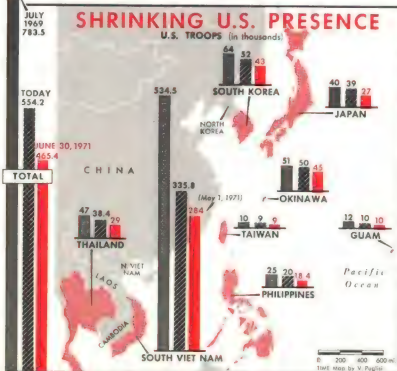
Behind Nixon's doctrine is the realization that, largely because of Viet Nam, the day has passed when the U.S. can, or should, serve as the world's policeman. Congress has shown hearty agreement by pruning military budget requests with increasingly sharp knives. A Navy admiral, looking over the list of important Pacific facilities going on the inactive roster, recently declared ruefully: "Hell, when you don't have any money, indispensable things become dispensable."

Since mid-1969, the U.S. has thinned

its forces throughout Asia (see map). In South Korea, the departure of 20,000 G.I.s will force Seoul's troops to patrol the entire 151-mile length of their DMZ for the first time since 1950. In Japan, there will be 12,000 fewer U.S. servicemen. The U.S. Navy plans to vacate its huge Yokosuka base in favor of quarters in Sasebo, and some 50 F-4 Phantom jets will be moved to South Korea.

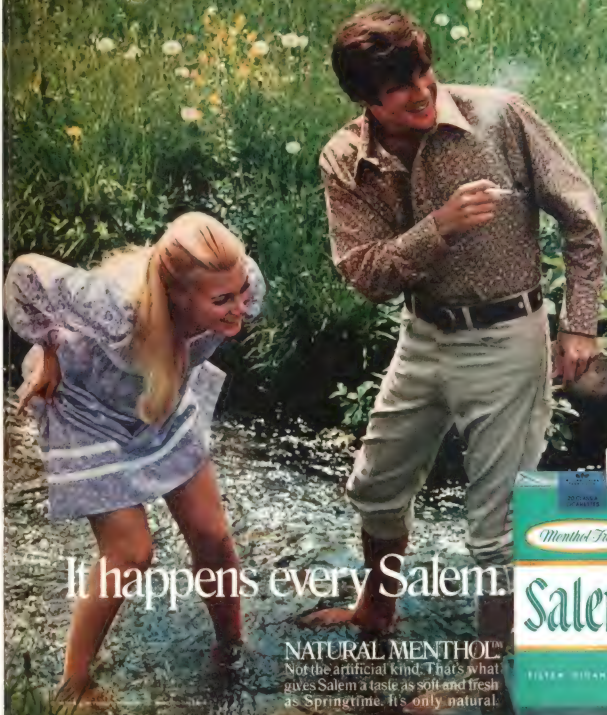
**Trends.** Still, with 554,200 troops remaining in Asia, the U.S. pullback is hardly a full recession—and was not intended to be. The fundamental objective of Nixon's plan is to provide a guardrail that will keep the U.S. from being pulled overboard into another Viet Nam-type involvement, yet still protect U.S. allies, and U.S. interests, in Asia. There is doubt that the guardrail would hold in a crisis, but the policy is nonetheless becoming an important reality in Asia. Among the trends accelerating as a result of the Nixon Doctrine.

**ASIAN SELF-DEFENSE.** Almost every nation is racing to become more self-reliant in conventional military capability, usually with the help of U.S.-supplied equipment. South Korea asked for \$3 billion in new aid over a five-year period, settled for half, and will get patrol boats, radar gear and a \$26 million M-16



MARINES SHIPPING HOME  
Can the guardrail hold?

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It happens every Salem.

**NATURAL MENTHOL™**  
Not the artificial kind. That's what  
gives Salem a taste as soft and fresh  
as Springtime. It's only natural.





**Oddly enough, wild animals  
prefer man's way  
of running a forest.**

Most people probably think a wild forest is teeming with life. While a harvested one is sterile and lifeless. Just the opposite is true.

In a mature, wild forest, the trees have all grown to about the same height. Their luxuriant crowns interlock and form a dense canopy. And almost completely cut off the sun's rays.

So the forest floor is dark and almost completely devoid of small plant life. There's no brush, no seedlings, no saplings. And therefore, few wild animals. Because this new growth is what feeds and shelters the whole spectrum of animal life. From deer to deer mice.

But managed forests, like the 8 million acres of trees St. Regis takes care of, are truly teeming with life.

Within a few months after we harvest an area – and in New Hampshire, for instance, we usually leave 40% to 60% of the trees – new growth starts

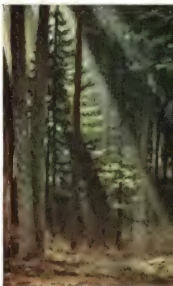
And then, as soon as there's enough food and shelter, the animal population begins to increase. First, the tiny eaters of seeds and insects. Then the browsers, like deer and moose. Finally, the predators.

We're not suggesting that all forests should be harvested. Far from it. We all benefit in some way from the preservation of wilderness. But we all benefit from managed forests, too. Man and animals.

In fact, we've found that man's needs don't have to be in odds with Nature's. As long as we follow a certain concept that St. Regis believes in.

Nature will cooperate with man, if man learns to cooperate with Nature. **STR**EGIS

The cathedral-like shafts of light in a wild forest aren't enough to maintain growth in the forest floor.



There are some of the reasons that we included psychosocial assessment. These responses of course, point the way to future research, however, your interests drive the inquiry.

It is important to remember that the system of the market is not the same as the market itself. The market is a place where the goods are sold, but the system is the way the goods are sold.



There is a growing body of evidence that the use of the Internet for health information is increasing. This is particularly true for the use of the Internet for health information seeking. The use of the Internet for health information seeking is increasing because of the ease of access to health information and the ability to find information quickly and easily. The use of the Internet for health information seeking is also increasing because of the ability to find information that is relevant to one's health needs. The use of the Internet for health information seeking is also increasing because of the ability to find information that is up-to-date and accurate. The use of the Internet for health information seeking is also increasing because of the ability to find information that is easy to understand and use.



It is important to keep in mind that the different types of data can be grouped into two categories: *quantitative* and *qualitative*. Quantitative data can be measured and analyzed statistically, while qualitative data cannot be measured and analyzed statistically.





marbled quail, hawk, and other birds, and the forest floor is covered with the fallen leaves of the trees.



Many of the animals are shown in their natural haunts, and the forest floor is covered with the fallen leaves of the trees. The animals are shown in their natural haunts, and the forest floor is covered with the fallen leaves of the trees.



In the forest, everything is full of life. The animals are shown in their natural haunts, and the forest floor is covered with the fallen leaves of the trees. The animals are shown in their natural haunts, and the forest floor is covered with the fallen leaves of the trees.

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**GM**

SALES & SERVICE



**Considering the amount of time  
you spend in your car,  
we think it should be as comfortable  
as your home.**

**The 1971 Olds Ninety-Eight is more comfortable than ever.** Every significant interior dimension has been generously increased. The seats are uncommonly comfortable. Ninety-Eight's new front-seat design is simple and sag-proof: full foam, molded to the precise shapes and depths desired. The comfort easily rivals that of your own favorite armchair. In sedan models, the front seat also includes a center armrest.

**The ride is superb.** Olds engineers have developed a great new ride system for the Ninety-Eight. Chassis, suspension, steering, sound insulation, and shock absorbers have all been designed for the ultimate in smoothness and handling. You enjoy the same kind of quiet on the road that you enjoy in your own library.

**Convenience is all around you.** Every new Ninety-Eight comes with an impressive array of power assists that wait on you hand and foot. Power steering, power front disc brakes (power windows and power

seats in Luxury Sedan and Luxury Coupe), as well as Turbo Hydramatic transmission are all standard.

This year, when you head for the open road, take the comforts of home with you—in a spacious, luxurious Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight.

**Oldsmobile**  
**ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD**

rifle plant. Taiwan has already begun to manufacture its own helicopters under a contract with Bell. U.S. advisers are also training the Nationalist Chinese to repair trucks, tanks, personnel carriers and other equipment damaged in Viet Nam, with the hope that Taiwan will eventually become an area supply center.

Thailand recently contracted with West Germany's Heckler & Koch to build a plant to produce rifles. Last week Secretary Laird promised increased military aid to Bangkok during the 1970s. He has apparently already delivered on part of it: two new secret bases, one reportedly a communications center near Chiang Mai in northern Thailand and the other a possible assault base on the Cambodian border, are currently under construction with U.S. assistance. Japan is under strong pressure to spend more on self-defense than the minuscule .8% of its annual gross national product (or \$1.6 billion) that it currently allocates.

**NEW ALIGNMENTS.** With the U.S. presence shrinking, many nations are moving to hedge their bets by establishing closer relations with other big powers. In the past year, Thailand has established trade relations with Moscow as well as with Rumania and Bulgaria. The Philippines and Malaysia are also contemplating more active relations with the Kremlin. Some nations are hopeful that a more stable and responsible China will eventually emerge. Malaysia, Singapore and Indonesia hope—and expect—that within the next decade both the Western powers and the major Communist powers will guarantee the neutrality of South-east Asia.

Not every Asian nation is quite that sanguine about the future. "The U.S. is gradually dropping its commitments in Asia, and this will bring you much trouble," warns Taiwan Legislator Hsieh Jen-chao. "You can isolate yourselves if you decide to, but the war will follow you home."

**ASIAN REGIONALISM.** With U.S. encouragement, Asian governments are cooperating, at least to some extent, on common problems. Thailand and Malaysia send out joint patrols to clean up small but persistent insurgent bands along their common border. Thailand and South Viet Nam have formed alliances with Cambodia, albeit extremely uneasy ones, in Phnom-Penh's fight against North Vietnamese invaders. Australia and New Zealand have ceased, as U.S. Consul-General in Osaka Jerome K. Holloway puts it, "to think of themselves as islands somewhere in the English Channel," and are rapidly extending their defense role in Asia.

Gingerly and rather reluctantly, Japan is beginning to accept new responsibilities. During his last visit to Washington, Prime Minister Eisaku Sato declared that South Korea's security is "essential to Japan's own security," thus extending Tokyo's line of self-defense beyond Japan's shores for the first time

since World War II. Not long ago, partly as a sign of its vital interest in shipping lanes, Japan sent its first postwar naval task force steaming around the Far East.

**Secret War.** To be sure, all of these trends are embryonic, and there are those who doubt that the Nixon Doctrine has caused any real change. In its only test under crisis conditions so far—the power struggle that developed in Cambodia after the overthrow of Prince Sihanouk—Nixon scrapped paper principles and sent in American troops to clean out Cambodia's border sanctuaries. Critics also point out that Laos may be considered an ideal example of how the doctrine will work elsewhere. The country has no U.S. combat troops but an active advisory mission, massive air support and a generous flow of dollars to support an indigenous army. Run largely by the CIA, the war in Laos has proved extremely costly (\$150 million

aggression. He has, says Ravenal, made "the resort to nuclear weapons a more compelling choice."

The President so far has refused to say what he will do if U.S. dollars and U.S. advisers prove insufficient to defend an ally against Communist aggression. Would American ground combat forces have to be dispatched, or sent back? When asked about the specific case of South Viet Nam last week during his interview with television newsmen, Nixon replied that he would not "borrow trouble" by predicting the downfall of the current Saigon regime after America's departure. Sooner or later, however, the President or one of his successors will have to grasp the most nettlesome problem posed by the Nixon Doctrine: Precisely how far can the U.S. reduce its presence in the nations on China's periphery and still maintain a credible commitment to them?



JARRING, MRS. MEIR & EBAN IN ISRAEL  
The next flight might be fatal.

this year), and for years was kept secret from the American public.

Other skeptics attack the basic idea as unsound. Testifying before a joint congressional committee last week, Townsend Hoopes, former Under Secretary of the Air Force, warned: "U.S. military assistance, whatever its magnitude, cannot make giants out of pygmies. It cannot determine the military balance of Asia; it cannot serve as a substitute for the U.S. presence." The U.S., he said, should abandon its attempt to contain China and encourage its allies to seek "viable accommodations" with Peking. Earl C. Ravenal, a former Pentagon systems analyst, suggests in *Foreign Affairs* that the doctrine's major flaw is a failure to redefine America's basic interests in Asia, especially toward China. In fact, he says, by reducing the U.S. presence before making that reassessment, Nixon has actually reduced his options in meeting

## MIDDLE EAST

### Talking About the Talks

"What airline did you fly on?" Israeli Premier Golda Meir asked, by way of making small talk. "El Al," answered United Nations Mediator Gunnar Jarring as he met Mrs. Meir and Foreign Minister Abba Eban in Jerusalem. Mrs. Meir beamed proudly. "A safe airline," she said. "No hijacks."

As Jarring's discussions with Israel, Egypt and Jordan resumed last week after a four-month break, angry Arabs protested that Jarring had indeed been hijacked—by the Israelis. Since Egypt and Jordan refuse to deal directly with Israel, Jarring planned to confer with representatives of each government in his 38th-floor office in Manhattan's U.N. building. But much of the week was consumed by his 11,344-mile round-trip flight to Israel. With the Middle East cease-fire due to expire Feb. 5, Jarring

hopes to make enough progress so that both sides will agree to continue the truce and keep on talking. The Arabs charged that by drawing Jarring to Jerusalem, the Israelis were stalling in order to wreck the negotiations.

**Agreement in Principle.** In fact, the Israelis wanted to make a procedural point, and they felt that it was important enough to bring the patient, mild-mannered Swede all the way from New York City. In the three-year history of the on-and-off truce negotiations, procedure has often tended to become substance. The Arabs want discussions held at the U.N.,

where international pressure is on Israel to settle, and at the ambassadorial level. Israel wants talks held at Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete or some other Mediterranean location, and at the foreign minister level. The Israelis want face-to-face negotiations; the Egyptians and Jordanians do not.

The three nations do agree in principle on one central point—the principle of secure borders for Israel in return for withdrawal of Israeli troops from Arab territories occupied in the 1967 war. Israel's commitment is to withdraw behind whatever "permanent, secure and recog-

nized boundaries are agreed upon, but the Arabs want Israel to withdraw from all occupied territory before another issue is settled. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat says that he will not extend the cease-fire next month unless Israel produces a withdrawal timetable or unless Jarring achieves notable progress toward one. Israel wants the cease-fire to continue as long as the talks go on, and will not withdraw until matters are settled.

**Four-Time Losers.** Though neither side seems anxious to resume fighting, each appears determined to make so-

## "O Sadat, Lead Us to Liberation"

AS the latest round of Middle East peace talks got under way, Egypt's Anwar Sadat journeyed to the dusty Nile delta town of Tanta to address his first mass rally since becoming President three months ago. The 12,000 Tantans responded as if the late Gamal Abdel Nasser himself were speaking. "There will be no compromise," said Sadat, "and we will not give up one inch of our land. The battle will extend to our farms, our factories, in the towns, cities and on the streets." Then he demanded: "Are you really fed up? Are you really tired of fighting?" Roared the crowd: "We shall fight! We shall fight! O Sadat, lead us to liberation."

The belligerent harangue, like Sadat's calmer interviews with U.S. newsmen James Reston and Walter Cronkite, was designed to show the world—and the Jarring negotiators—that Egypt is not war weary enough to beg for peace and negotiate away territory. The scene in Tanta was a far cry from Sadat's first executive address before the National Assembly last October, when he was so unsure of himself that he drew only a polite patter of handclaps. Sadat became the butt of jokes. Now the jokes are subsiding. "No doubt about it," says a U.S. State Department official, "Sadat is the leader of Egypt." "You know," adds a top Israeli diplomat, "I'm beginning to feel that we underestimated this fellow."

**Available and Harmless.** Critics could scarcely be blamed for underestimating Nasser's successor. Until Sadat became President, his chief accomplishment, other than his role in the 1952 officers' revolt that brought Nasser to power, was his survival. A former colonel, he edited the official newspaper *Al Gumbouriya* for a time and served as speaker of Nasser's rubberstamp National Assembly. He lived quietly with his second wife Gehan, their three daughters, and a son inevitably named Gamal (there are three older daughters, all married to army officers, by a first marriage that ended in divorce). He swam and played table tennis, practiced English and German until he spoke them fluently. He became Vice President of Egypt 13 months ago when Nasser decided that he ought to have a constitutional successor. Sadat, who was available and seemingly harmless, was chosen. When he assumed the presidency, no one expected much.

After Nasser's death, Sadat formed a workable consensus government. He persuaded veteran Diplomat Mahmoud Fawzi, 72, a widely respected moderate, to become Premier. Ali Sabry, Moscow's chief protégé, was named a Vice President, but not First Vice President:

that job went to Hussein Shafei, another participant in the 1952 revolt. Such important departments as Health, Education, Social Services and Police were placed under Interior Minister Sharaawi Gomaa, who is known mainly as a tough, hard-working administrator. Lieut. General Mohammed Fawzi, no kin to the Premier, assured Sadat of the army's support.

**Egypt First.** Nasser's picture continues to hang in government offices instead of Sadat's, but Sadat has quickly developed a style and emphasis of his own. He has begun to mute Nasser's stress on Pan-Arabism and concentrate on Egypt's internal problems. When one of United Arab Airlines' aging Comets crashed two weeks ago in Tripoli, killing 16, Sadat grounded the other four and UAA Chairman Ahmed Tewfik Bakry as well; Egypt then leased six Ilyushin 18s from Eastern European airlines. To revamp Cairo's creaking transit system, Sadat's 30-man Cabinet voted to spend \$27 million on new buses and to hire Japanese consultants for a new subway-feasibility study.

Sadat has bid for popularity among the lower classes by cutting some food prices, invoking price controls and launching an attack on black-market operators. He has declared a truce with a hostile middle class by revoking the laws that Nasser instituted a decade ago to seize their property. He told a visitor last week that he intends to release some 600 political prisoners. Streets in Cairo are being repaired and swept for a change, new street lights are being installed, and sandbags protecting the Nile bridges are being replaced by shrubbery.

**Tourism Campaign.** Many of Sadat's ventures depend on an Egypt at peace—a hopeful portent for the negotiations with Israel. Aristotle Onassis flew into Cairo last week to check the possibilities of pumping oil through a proposed \$250 million pipeline from the Gulf of Suez to Alexandria. Since the line would cross stretches of sand now dotted by Soviet missiles, Onassis said that he would return in six weeks, when the Jarring talks should be in better focus. The Suez Canal Co. has ordered a \$2,400,000 Dutch dredger that could deepen the canal for 250,000-ton supertankers whenever it is reopened. Egypt has begun a new tourism campaign, and wants to attract Americans. The government has even dropped hints that it is considering the resumption of diplomatic relations with Washington, which were broken when the Six-Day War began. That may take some time, but one American tourist who may be arriving soon is Secretary of State William P. Rogers. He is eager to visit Cairo, and Sadat has reacted cordially.



SADAT ADDRESSING EGYPTIANS AT TANTA



tions more arduous by firing vocal broadsides. Sadat declared last week that Egypt is ready to fight and has no intention of loosening its ties with the Russians, who "have stood with us in the black hours" (see following story). Mrs. Meir told a Labor Council Assembly that "the Arabs have tried and lost three times before, and I have no doubt they will lose a fourth time should they try it again." "We are not expansionists," she told another meeting, "but borders do not exist in the air and we may have to take a little here and more there."

Even without a formal renewal, the cease-fire could continue next month on a *de facto* basis. This is far from certain, however. The Israelis have intercepted several Egyptian reconnaissance teams in Sinai, and last week four Egyptian Sukhois made two spy sweeps over Israeli lines on the Suez Canal. Earlier, Cairo complained that Israeli jets were making similar recon flights over Egyptian lines. Without a formal cease-fire, a single, accurate burst of anti-aircraft fire by either side could swiftly get the hot war started all over again.

## SOVIET UNION

### Lapel Diplomacy

As he and his wife were leaving Moscow's avant-garde Taganka Theater one night last week, Robie M.H. Palmer, a U.S. Embassy second secretary, ran into an unexpected performance on the street. Three middle-aged men blocked his path. "How would you like to be treated the way Zionist thugs treat our diplomats in America?" one of them demanded. "How would you like to have your car destroyed by demonstrators who are not under control?" When Palmer turned and tried to get into his car, one of the men seized him by the lapels. After some more tense moments of talk, the three shook Palmer's hand, smiled, and then walked away into the night.

Next day, Erastus Corning, Pan American's manager in Moscow, was accosted on the street in much the same manner; later, three other U.S. embassy officials got the treatment. One diplomat discovered the windshield of his parked car bashed in, another found his auto's tires slashed. Still others received vaguely threatening phone calls—on unlisted numbers that could only have been obtained through the Soviet government.

Moscow's lapel diplomacy was a reaction to anti-Soviet demonstrations by U.S. Jews, and particularly by the militants of the 1,000-member Jewish Defense League of New York, which has been waging a campaign of terror against Soviet citizens and institutions in the U.S. The J.D.L. is protesting the Kremlin's crackdown on the 40,000 Soviet Jews (out of 3,500,000) who have indicated a desire to go to Israel. The league is credited with actions ranging from the loosing of mice in a Philadelphia theater during a performance by the Moseyev dancers to bombings of Aeroflot and Intourist offices in Manhattan.

WRIGHT—HARRIS/REX



"OF COURSE, HE'S A HIJACKER... HE'S JEWISH, ISN'T HE?"

The J.D.L. escalated its campaign after the recent Leningrad trial, which threatens to be the first in a long series aimed at Soviet Jews. The Leningrad court sentenced nine Jews and two Gentiles to long prison terms for plotting to hijack a Russian plane in order to flee to Israel; two of the Jews were sentenced to death, but the Soviet Supreme Court commuted the sentences. Last week Army Major Vult Zulmanson, a Jewish officer accused in the same hijack plot, was sentenced to ten years by a court-martial. Protesting the trials in a series of rowdy demonstrations outside the Soviet-United Nations Mission in Manhattan, J.D.L. fanatics warned that "no Russian is safe in New York."

**Connivance Charge.** The Soviets responded by ordering Washington Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin formally to protest U.S. "connivance" in the incidents; the protest also implied a threat, unprecedented in Soviet-American diplomacy, that the 400-odd American businessmen, officials and students in Moscow might be given a retaliatory taste of the same thing. Though Dobrynin, an able diplomat, managed to leave the impression that he personally considered the "connivance" charge to be nonsense, his pronouncement was the cue for the baiting of Americans in Moscow. Even as Russian agents were bullying Americans on the streets, "factory workers" and other groups bearing anti-U.S. protests beat a path to the U.S. embassy.

At week's end U.S. Ambassador Jacob Beam met Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko to protest the officially sanctioned harassment. Less than two hours before the meeting, however, a bomb explosion blew out several windows and a heavy steel door at the yellow brick building that houses the Soviet embassy's cultural and trade affairs section in Washington. The State Department quickly expressed its regrets

for the bombing, which again was apparently the work of Jewish militants.

**Selected Leaks.** By focusing so much attention on their antics, the militants may be serving Moscow better than they are serving the beleaguered Soviet Jews. The Kremlin is desperately trying to divert attention from Leningrad. As part of that effort, Moscow two weeks ago leaked letters to President Nixon from 24 Soviet scientists and artists urging fair treatment for Angela Davis (see THE NATION). Of course, the Russians said nothing at all about a missile that was sent by Andrei Sakharov, father of the Soviet H-bomb, not only to Nixon but also to Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny. Sakharov's letter asked for justice for Angela, but it also urged the Kremlin to heed "the legitimate right of thousands of Jews who wish to leave the country."

Despite Moscow's efforts to cloud the Jewish issue, worldwide indignation over Leningrad continued to run strong. The big Communist parties in France and Italy kept up their sharp criticism of the trials. Protesters massed at the Russian embassy in London. In Copenhagen, Danish Jews trooped up to the Soviet embassy carrying petitions with 10,000 signatures. Their reception was predictable. A Russian diplomat shouted "Go to hell," and bolted the door.

## EUROPE

### Jacques Frost

Milan was colder than Moscow, and Madrid turned into a skating rink, with first-aid stations set up to treat all the broken bones. A village in France's Lozère region shivered in the coldest temperatures ever recorded in the country—29.2° below zero Fahrenheit. Holiday skiers in the Swiss Alps found little joy in temperatures that reached—13° F. In Venice's Piazza San Marco, where

makeshift bridges were set up two weeks ago so that pedestrians could negotiate the tide-flooded square, children skied and tossed snowballs. While Scandinavia was unseasonably warm, a deep Arctic freeze brought thick fogs, heavy snowstorms, knife-sharp winds and freezing rain to France, Britain, Spain, Italy, the two Germanys and most of Eastern Europe. It was Europe's most freakish winter weather in memory.

**White Catastrophe.** Arriving at the height of Europe's holiday travel period, the cold and storms were caused by a vast high-pressure area with temperature-inversion layers that stretched from Spain to the Ukraine. On much

France's Rhone Valley, some 15,000 vehicles on auto routes to the Riviera were snowbound in drifts as high as 10 ft. Some motorists were trapped for 72 hours in their cars, and two babies were born in the autos before their mothers could be rescued. Normally punctual French trains were canceled or delayed for up to six hours by frozen switches, and by the efforts of engineers who stopped to pick up stranded motorists in the open countryside. The sub-zero cold caused power shortages in Czechoslovakia and East Germany, and East Berlin streets were blacked out to conserve electricity. In Yugoslavia, where drifts reached 16 ft. on major highways and to the second floor of buildings in the city of Sarajevo, local papers spoke of "the white catastrophe."

**Denuded Hill.** As a thaw began in some places at week's end, Europe was still reckoning the damage caused by the angry elements. In the southern French city of Montélimar, the roof of a temporary refuge collapsed under the weight of the snow, killing two persons and injuring 15 others. On the slopes of Monte Pendolo, 20 miles south of Naples, a hillside denuded of trees by speculative builders crashed into a hotel during a 36-hour rainfall and killed six people. A small Dutch tanker sank in the mouth of the Humber River on Britain's east coast and a small Greek freighter capsized in Naples' harbor. Then there was the mishap that struck Chambourcy, France's second biggest yogurt maker. Eight Chambourcy trucks were stranded for several days on A-7, one of France's main north-south auto routes. Now the company is suing highway authorities over the loss of no fewer than 1,000,000 pots of yogurt that were spoiled by the delay.

## EAST GERMANY

### The Dragon Slayer

A FABLE: The people of a mythical city-state, convinced that the outside world is full of dangerous dragons, believe that they have been spared only because of their protector, whom they lovingly call Dra-Dra. Because of constant brainwashing, the people refuse to admit that Dra-Dra is actually a dragon on himself. Playing on their fears, Dra-Dra magnifies the outside peril and thrives on sycophantic praise. A psalm to Dra-Dra consists of the word ja (yes) intoned 36 times.

Enter the young hero Hans Folk. Though the people ridicule him, a small band of animals join his campaign to overthrow Dra-Dra. A dog tells how: "We'll call out 'Dragon, Dragon!'—a word that he cannot stand to hear." As Hans and his animal followers thus taunt Dra-Dra, the monster becomes so enraged that he soars into the clouds and dives onto his own castle, impaling himself on a turret. Dra-Dra's followers gather at a feast in an attempt to perpetuate the old order. Too late, they realize that the banquet is being held in

the anus of the deceased dragon. "Must we die?" asks one. "You have already been dead a long time," Hans replies. Then he instructs the animals to seal the dragon closed "so that all the lachryms who creep in will forever remain inside." As the animals bury the dragon, an iron curtain falls across the stage.

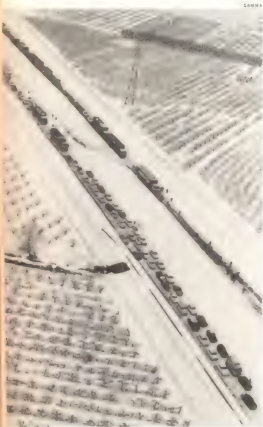
That apocalyptic allegory is the plot of *Der Dra-Dra*, the latest work of one of Communism's most controversial artists, Wolf Biermann, 34, a sad-faced East Berlin balladeer, is the spiritual heir of Bertolt Brecht, who spent his last years in the city. But while Brecht directed most of his barbs at the abuse of capitalism ("Don't rob a bank, O woe one"), Biermann aims his satire at the political dictatorships of both left and right.

Biermann's approach has hardly endeared him to Communist Party boss Walter Ulbricht and East Germany's other rulers. For more than five years they have kept him in limbo. He is allowed to live in peace and runs something of an intellectual salon in his two-room flat. The unorthodox Marxist philosopher Robert Havemann visits regularly, and Folk Singer Joan Baez called on him in 1967. But Biermann is not permitted to publish his works, perform in public, or travel outside the German Democratic Republic. He is never mentioned in the East German press. "I am a nonexistent person," he told TIME Correspondent George Taber in East Berlin. "I have been silenced to death." Then Biermann, whose hound-dog look is accented by baggy eyes and a drooping mustache, picked up his guitar. In his raspy baritone, he began to sing: "Don't wait for better times."

**Parasite Power.** Despite his Orwellian un-person status, Biermann continues to turn out songs and poems. He lampoons the Bürokranten (bureaucratic elephants), who quake in fear before his guitar, or pokes fun at the effects of the Wall on East Germans ("When I die, I'll become a guard and patrol the border between heaven and hell. Show your pass, please.") In *Der Dra-Dra*, he attacks what he describes as "parasitic power of all sorts"—which suggests Franco and Papadopoulos as well as Ulbricht and Brezhnev.

Biermann is the most popular living German poet, East or West. In the East his works reach students who type copies and pass them on to others in chain-letter fashion, so that he is easily the country's best-read unpublished poet. Similarly, his songs are re-recorded again and again until the tapes become indistinguishable. His written works also find their way to West Germany, where two of his slim volumes—*The Barbed-Wire Harp* and *With the Tongues of Marx and Engels*\*—have sold more than 100,000

\* Since *Engel* means angel in German, the title is a play on St. Paul's statement in *I Corinthians 13: 1*: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have no charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."



STALLED TRAFFIC IN RHONE VALLEY  
Spoiling the yogurt.

of the Continent, mountainous regions basked in relatively warm air and sunshine while the lowlands were shrouded in a chilly gray stratus cover. The Eurofreeze created wartime-like refugee conditions for those caught on impassable highways, in crowded train stations and in befogged airports. Travel was sometimes impossible by any means.

London's Heathrow Airport was jammed for three days with 10,000 shivering passengers grounded by an icy fog. Stretches of the Danube froze over, trapping countless vessels. Drifts blocked approaches to the world's longest underpass, the Simplon twin railway tunnels between Switzerland and Italy. In



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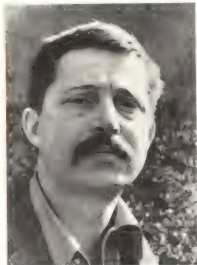


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copies. *Der Dra-Dra*, an eight-act musical that first surfaced in West Berlin, will premiere on April 20 (fittingly, Adolf Hitler's birthday) in Munich's famed Kammerspiel Theater.

The son of a Communist Hamburg dock worker who perished in a Nazi death camp, Biermann voluntarily left the comfort of West Germany in 1953 and went to East Germany. "This country was making a social revolution," he explains, "even if it had to do so at the bayonet point of the Red Army." At first, Biermann was tolerated by the Communist leaders because of his anti-U.S. and antiwar songs. He was given a job at the Berliner Ensemble, the the-



BIERMANN

*Needling Communism.*

ater directed by Brecht's widow, and earned a doctorate in philosophy at East Berlin's Humboldt University.

**Prominent Guest.** In 1961, Biermann got into trouble with officials by writing a play that defended the Berlin Wall as necessary to keep in the country's skilled workers. The Communist leaders rejected that sort of defense; the official rationale for the Wall is that it was built to keep spies and provocateurs out. When Biermann challenged the party's reasoning in song and jest, he fell more deeply into disfavor, until the East German Politburo in 1965 decided to muzzle him.

Biermann shares the hope with many other young Eastern Europeans that Communism can ultimately rid itself of stagnant bureaucracy and allow greater personal freedom. He still insists: "I have no interest in leaving here. This is the better of the two German states." But he is aware that East Germany's Communist leaders may lose patience with him. "I am treated like a prominent guest in a good hotel," he says, "I won't get the bill until the very last. The poor guest must pay at once for every little thing. But the prominent guest is not presented with the bill until the end."

## MALAYSIA Of Frogs and Floods

On a rubber estate near Sungai Siput, 100 miles northeast of Kuala Lumpur, about 50 frogs began furiously hopping around and biting one another. Soon 3,000 frogs joined the bloody fray. For two days the battle raged. When it was over, the swampy battlefield was littered with the torn bodies of 700 frogs.

Wars of the frogs are not uncommon in Malaysia, and zoologists theorize that they are battles for mating grounds. To superstitious Malaysians, however, they are portents of national disaster. Soon after a particularly vicious frog war in the early 1940s, the Japanese invaded and occupied Malaya. The country's twelve-year struggle against Communist terrorists began after frogs warred in Kedah in 1948. Two weeks before violent race riots erupted in Kuala Lumpur in early 1969, there had been a huge frog battle near Penang. Thus when the latest frog fight broke out at Sungai Siput in November, local astrologers and *hambis* (witch doctors) predicted another major calamity for Malaysia.

Their fears seemed realized last week. Monsoon rains poured down upon Malaysia, causing one of the worst floods in the country's history. At least 60 people were missing or dead, and 200,000 were stranded and threatened with starvation or drowning. Kuala Lumpur was cut off from the rest of Malaysia as the two rivers running through the capital overflowed, submerging most of the city under as much as twelve feet of water. While food and supplies were being flown in by helicopters from the Malaysian, Singapore, British and Australian air forces, Malaysia's Prime Minister Tun Abdul Razak declared a situation of national disaster.

## URUGUAY Machine Gun in the Lettuce

The first political kidnapping of 1971 was pulled off one morning last week with a panache born of practice. As a street vendor in the Old City of Montevideo reached into the pile of lettuce on his pushcart and pulled out a machine gun, four cars blocked the route of a black Daimler sedan. Out jumped a dozen men, who seized and clubbed two bodyguards and a chauffeur, and drove off triumphantly in the Daimler with their latest captive—and their biggest prey to date: British Ambassador to Uruguay Geoffrey Jackson, 55.

The daring act was the work of Uruguay's Tupamaros, the most vicious and successful of Latin America's urban terrorists. They take their name from an Inca chieftain who was executed in Peru 200 years ago for leading a revolt against the Spaniards. For more than five months, the Tupamaros have been holding two other diplomatic hostages: U.S. Agronomist Claude Fly and Brazilian Consul Aloysio Mares Dias Gomide.

Last year they murdered Daniel Mi-trione, a U.S. AID official, after Uruguayan President Jorge Pacheco Areco refused to ransom him for 160 prisoners, including many Tupamaros.

The latest incident occurred during a period of relative calm. The Tupamaros had threatened a "hot summer" for prosperous vacationers at Uruguay's Punta del Este, and even sent letters to hundreds of Argentine tourists who own or rent houses in the beach resort, warning them to stay away this year. But the wave of terrorism failed to materialize, the government cut rates on everything from ferry fares across the River Plate to hotel prices.

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JACKSON

*A panache born of practice.*

and the flow of tourists began to swell after a slow start. Even so, authorities estimate that only 200,000 tourists will visit this summer instead of the normal 300,000.

At week's end, the Tupamaros, who have demanded \$1,000,000 from Senhora Gomide for her husband's release, had not announced their ransom terms for Jackson. Whatever they ask might prove academic in any case. The British have considerable influence in Montevideo because they have long been the largest customer for Uruguayan meat, even though British imports dropped recently following an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease. But President Pacheco declared last August that he would not negotiate with terrorists under any circumstances, and he is expected to stick to his position.

In Brazil, meanwhile, another diplomatic kidnapping case appeared to be on the verge of settlement. After a month of negotiating with Brazilian guerrillas, the government appears to be ready to pay the requested ransom for the release of the Swiss Ambassador Giovanni Enrico Bucher. The price: 70 prisoners, safely delivered to either Chile, Cuba or Algeria.

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And we've all heard about recycling. Old cans into new cans, old glass into new glass, old paper into tomorrow's newspaper. None of this happens without electricity somewhere along the line.

These are just a few examples. Each of us could name a dozen more cleanup jobs without too much

trouble, but to implement any of them on a scale to match the need will require ever more massive amounts of electric muscle.

Of course, cleaning up is just a part of it. All told, the experts figure this country will need twice as much electricity by 1981.

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## PEOPLE

That was quite some interview that the Beatles' John Lennon laid on the fortnightly *Rolling Stone*. Hacked of hair and short of beard, John said his Good-bye to All That in some 24,000 unchosen words, accompanied by a running obligato from Wife Yoko Ono.

Highlights: "The dream is over. I'm not just talking about the Beatles. I'm talking about the generation thing. It's over, and we gotta—I have to personally—get down to so-called reality."

Heroin? "We sniffed a little when we were in real pain. We took 'H' because of what the Beatles and others were doing to us. But we got out of it. You see, I presumed that I would just bring Yoko into our life, but it seemed that I had to either be married to them or Yoko, and I chose Yoko, and I was right. They insulted her and they still do."

How about LSD? In 1964, "a dentist laid it on George, me and wives, without telling us, at a dinner party at his house. It went on for years—I must have had a thousand trips. I used to just eat it all the time. I think George was pretty heavy on it; we are probably the most cracked. Paul is a bit more stable."

Was it fun being famous? "The bigger we got, the more unreality we had to face. The most humiliating experiences were like sitting with the Mayor [sic] of the Bahamas, when we were making *Help!*, and being insulted by these f—ing, junked-up middle-class bitches and bastards who would be commenting on our work and our manners. One has to completely humiliate oneself to be what the Beatles were, and that's what I resent."



Lennon holding his hair aloft for Yoko  
No dream.

As did Jules Verne's legendary globe circler, Phileas Fogg, 98 years ago, U.S. Humorist S.J. Perelman plans to step out of London's Reform Club and go around the world in 80 days. No more, no less. Fogg, said Verne, employed "steamers, railways, carriages, yachts, merchant vessels, sledges, elephants." As far as possible, 66-year-old Circumnavigator Perelman will confine himself to such modes in following Fogg's itinerary. In place of Fogg's famed manservant, Passepartout, Perelman prefers female traveling companionship. Though he has had "five applications for the post from various birds," he says, "I have in fact chosen my secretary." No het, though. The payoff, like Author Verne's, will be a book.

President Nixon's favorite Shakespeare is Frank—the aggressive TV executive who became head of the U.S. Information Agency in 1969. Last week blond, boyish Frank Shakespeare, 45, unminced some words about the occasionally strained relations between UNIA and the State Department. "Secretaries of State," he said, William Rogers take note, "have for too long been lawyers trained to negotiate quietly and announce only the results. But the world has gone well beyond that. So I come out as an advocate of the U.S. Government, taking advantage of communications in its foreign policy." As for the Russians: "Very effective in selling a product substantially without merit."

Georgia's constitution bars the state's Governor from succeeding himself, so it was time last week for headline-happy Lester Maddox to leave the \$3,000,000 Governor's mansion he built, step down to the lieutenant governorship and garner some finger-lickin' sweet publicity in the process. He invited folks to drop in and say goodbye—and 5,000 of them came. He dramatized the fact that the lieutenant Governor is not provided with a car by riding his bicycle seven miles to the state capitol. And he announced some plans for augmenting his income: the manufacture of Lester Maddox wristwatches, a Maddox doll and a Lester-in-the-box that utters the guy's all-purpose expletive: "Phooey!"

"Just Old Friends?" was the caption the New York *Daily News* slapped on its front-page photo of Princess Margaret's Lord Snowdon and a slight bit of chic called Lady Jacqueline Rufus Isaacs having rather serious (fun at a London party. For the past year, according to the *News*, Tony, 40, and Lady Jacqueline, 24, have been a steady twosome, and during his recent hospitalization (for a hemorrhoid operation), "it was Lady Jackie who visited him even more often than Margaret." Last week, as the rumors flew, sometime Fashion Model Jacqueline left England



LADY JACKIE  
No romance.

for Switzerland, sometime Fashion Photographer Tony worked in a wheelchair at Kensington Palace, and Princess Margaret and the two children visited Queen Elizabeth at Sandringham. Jacqueline's mother, Lady Reading, denying all, called the reports "absolutely ridiculous," but from Princess Margaret's official spokesman, Major John Griffin, it was: "As far as I know, there is no romance. Denials were issued several days ago, when there were rumors of a divorce, and the position is still the same as far as I know."

Honeymooning with Bride China Lee, 28, a onetime Bunny trainer, Stand-Up Satirist Mort Sahl, 43, invited the press to his Playboy Club Apartments penthouse in London and let fly. Mort's missiles zapped, among others: President Nixon ("If you were drowning 20 feet offshore, he'd throw you an eleven-foot rope and point out he was meeting you more than halfway"); Movie Stars Dustin Hoffman, Elliott Gould and Richard Benjamin ("If any of those guys had been my roommate in college I couldn't have gotten him a date"); his host, Playboy Hugh Hefner ("He says 'Be a playboy, have a ball,' but the guy has had only three girls in all the 15 years I've known him").

The several telephones in Martha Mitchell's Watergate apartment bear no numbers—a security-conscious precaution against the curiosity, and possible calls, of casual visitors. The one exception is the most famous phone in Washington: the one in Martha's bathroom. How about that? Ha, chuckled the Lady of the Long Lines, "that's a fake. The real number is one of those written on the wall."



## MEDICINE

### Controlling Human Growth

The great Belgian anatomist Vesalius believed that the pituitary gland, a pea-sized protuberance located at the base of the brain, was an organ for the secretion of waste material. He could not have been more wrong. Though one of the smallest of man's hormone producers, the pituitary is the master gland. It exercises control or influence over virtually every biological function—including growth—by manufacturing substances that help control the other glands and organs. Thus an underactive pituitary in a child can arrest bodily development and produce a form of dwarfism. Last week a discovery was announced that could not only enable doctors to treat more cases of this disorder but also produce ways to deal with other illnesses and injuries.

Though no one as yet understands all

chain and then reconstruct them from available ingredients. Finally they had to fold the chain and its loops into the precise size and three-dimensional shape of the natural hormone. Li's work was made even more difficult by the scarcity of natural HGH. All of the HGH presently available for either treatment or research must be obtained from the recently deceased. Thousands of cadavers were required to produce the thimbleful of hormone that Li used in his work at the university's Hormone Research Laboratory in San Francisco.

Li, who identified the structure of the HGH molecule in 1966, spent two years learning how to fold his synthetic substitute, two more constructing the chemical bridges between the loops. The result, a synthetic molecule that has about 10% of the growth-producing properties of the natural hormone, more than justifies his efforts. The hormone

far exceeds the supply of cadavers.

HGH could be a boon to nursing mothers. Twenty-two Mexican women who complained of insufficient milk secretion were given daily injections of HGH for a week. All of their babies recorded significant weight gains during the period—two-thirds of them doubled the weight gains made in a comparable period without HGH.

The next problem for scientists to solve is to convert Li's laboratory accomplishment into a production-line success. The most optimistic estimate is that it will take three years.

### Creating a Doctor Corps

With some 318,000 practitioners, the U.S. has more doctors than most other industrial nations. In rural and slum areas, however, many Americans are unable to see a physician when they are ill. Few medical men are willing to settle or practice in locations that offer high personal risks or poor medical facilities. At least 5,000 rural communities across the country have no doctors at all; some city ghettos have only one for every 10,000 residents.

Now President Nixon has signed into law a \$60 million program that could, before the end of the year, put a corps of Government-paid doctors into areas where they are needed most. Known as the Emergency Health Personnel Act of 1970, the bill, which was signed without fanfare on New Year's Eve, allows Public Health Service doctors to dispense medical care in areas where local officials request their presence.

The proposal was given scant chance of passage even by its Democratic backers, and less by Administration officials, who voiced only token opposition. It bloomed through Congress largely because none of its opponents bothered to stop it.

The authorization, which allows a first-year appropriation of \$10 million, could be used to recruit new doctors, dentists, nurses and other professionals. They will be invited to enlist in the U.S. Public Health Service for duty anywhere in the country. Some of the new personnel will serve in such traditional PHS programs as the Indian Health Service and marine hospitals. But others could go wherever their services were needed, receiving a straight federal salary. Any patient fees not covered by Medicare or Medicaid would go to the Government.

PHS officials, who must administer the new program, are divided as to its merits. Some feel that the plan, which provides draft exemptions for participating physicians, will be used merely as a means to avoid military service.

Backers of the program, who see it as a first step rather than an ultimate solution, are confident that they can make the plan work. Their confidence seems justified. The PHS currently has seven times as many applications as it has vacancies in its commissioned officer corps, and enough hospital and clinic facilities, if used efficiently, to meet existing needs.



DR. LI WITH HORMONE DIAGRAM  
A boon to nursing mothers.

the workings of the pituitary. Dr. Choh Hao Li, a Chinese-born biochemist and endocrinologist at the University of California, has come closer than anyone to unlocking its secrets. Li and his colleagues have isolated and purified eight of the pituitary's ten known hormones. Now Li has carried his research a major step forward with the laboratory synthesis of one of the most important of these chemical messengers, somatotropin, or human growth hormone (HGH).

**Complex Chain.** Other pituitary hormones are simpler substances by comparison, some consisting of 30 or 40 amino acids. Analysis showed HGH to be a far more complex molecule, a chain of 188 amino acids with two loops, one containing six sub-units, the other 93. To reproduce the molecule, Li and his associates had first to determine the order of the acids in the

not only controls growth but also has a profound influence on important bodily functions, including the metabolism of sugar, fats and proteins, and the production of sex hormones. Chemical production of the compound on a large scale would guarantee a plentiful supply for research into the use of an anti-growth hormone for such purposes as countering cancer-cell multiplication and halting uncontrolled human growth.

Li's discovery could also have some immediate applications. Dwarfism and other forms of pituitary deficiency now affect hundreds of thousands in the U.S. alone. Doctors believe that more than 1,000 children a year could benefit from a ready supply of growth-producing hormones. Hormone shots, which can speed up growth by as much as five inches a year, now each require the output of a single pituitary gland. The demand

## THE PRESS

### Advantage: Mr. President

Last week's hour-long "Conversation with the President" over nationwide network television was a public relations triumph for Richard Nixon. The President was pleased with the result—and little wonder. The "conversation" format gives him a number of built-in advantages, enabling him to get to the public without being badly scarred by his questioners. Instead of an interview, it is a chance to present presidential views to an audience of 55 million.

To be sure, the "conversation" provided some news and a few insights: renewed emphasis on welfare reform, predictions of an expansionary budget, a candid admission that rerunning the San Jose "hostility" tape on Election Eve was a "mistake" (see *THE NATION*). But follow-up questions were few, and the four questioners—NBC's John Chancellor, CBS's Eric Sevareid, ABC's Howard K. Smith and Nancy Dickerson of Public Broadcasting—failed, for example, to pin down the President on how he planned to achieve economic expansion without inflation.

**Give and Take.** Both the medium and the format impose limitations. The "conversation" label implies give-and-take among equals, an obvious impossibility in this case. "A quick-minded President," admits Sevareid, "is pretty well in the driver's seat during these transactions, no matter how they're arranged. He can give about as much as he wants to give, and take about as much as he wants to take. There is no magical method or question that will get President Nixon to say something he does not want to say."

Time, tradition and television itself are other factors working for the President and against journalists seeking to draw him out. A live, unedited hour is simply too short to accommodate four questioners, each competing for a fair share of the time. Important follow-up questions are often left unasked, and anyone attempting to dominate the hour earns resentment from his colleagues. Discomfiting questions, no matter how

well-intentioned, are ruled out by customary courtesy to the President. Besides, no one wants to look as if he were hectoring the Chief of State.

**Different Forms.** "The Chief of State is like the flag," says ABC's Smith. "You have to be deferential. The head of Government is nothing but a politician, and you can be rough and relentless with him. We combine the two in one person—the President—and suffer all the psychological stresses usual when you adopt two contradictory attitudes." Smith prefers the British system: "You bow and scrape to the monarch, but you raise hell with the Prime Minister."

Televised conferences present much the same problems and, even without cameras, they are too diffuse to permit concentrated questioning along a single line. A press conference is a "setup too easily dominated by the President," according to George Reedy, who served as Lyndon Johnson's press secretary.

Aware of his advantages, Nixon shrewdly sought to depict the program as a confrontation by noting that, if the correspondents pulled any punches, "all our listeners and viewers would say, 'These people are being soft on Nixon.'" He readily agreed to hold another "conversation" in about six months. The Administration has also let it be known that it would not mind having newspaper and magazine correspondents hold such a TV conversation. But when print journalists do not get satisfactory answers to questions, they tend to ask them over again in different forms—some of them tough—until they get answers or understand why there are none. Obviously, this technique would not work within the time limits of TV.

A better solution from the standpoint of both President and press was proposed in a *Wall Street Journal* editorial last week: "Let three or four [print correspondents] interview the President, embargo the interviews until the transcripts can be released to other correspondents, encourage the Administration to supplement the transcripts if it thinks any distortion may have resulted, and let the public read about it the

next morning, or for that matter hear about it on the evening news."

Even this is only a partial answer to the problem of understanding the President. The whole answer must be a combination of approaches: TV "conversations," to convey the feelings and views of the President on his own terms; press conferences, for answers to specific questions; and closed-door interviews with newspaper and magazine reporters, for insights into presidential philosophy and thinking.

### Women, Not Girls

The Hugh Hefner of Italy is a blonde. Adelina Tattilo, fortyish and the mother of three children, is the founder and publisher of *Playmen*, a glossy monthly album of nudes and what would prob-



"PLAYMEN'S" TATTILO

**A race between readers and the cops.**

ably turn out to be articles if anyone bothered to read them. Despite—or because of—a running battle with police, the magazine has reached a circulation of 450,000 in less than four years. That is phenomenal, especially since *Playmen* costs just over a dollar a copy. *L'Espresso* (circa 350,000) and *Oggi* (950,000) cost 29¢ and 24¢ respectively.

*Playmen* started out to imitate *Playboy*, although more prudently: the first *Club of the Month* held her hands over her bosom. But in the last year or so, *Playmen* has taken on a style and candor of its own. *Playmen's* nudes are women, not girls, and rather normal women at that. Reflecting European tastes, *Playmen* does not display the mammary obsession that *Playboy* profitably discerns in Americans. Says Publisher Tattilo: "The U.S. is a matriarchy. I think this is the reason for the American male preference for women with exaggerated, voluminous bosoms, true wet nurses with a reassuring maternal aspect." The women she chooses for *Play-*

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men are slimmer, cooler, more urbane and more mature than Hefner's coed cuties. Hefner's girls giggle and eat ice cream; Tattilo's taste centers on women who might smile over a Campari.

**Topless B.B.** Signora Tattilo, who has the sleek, confident demeanor of a successful public relations woman, was once a successful public relations woman. In 1965 she and her husband, now separated, broke into publishing with a weekly for children called *Big*. A year later they started *Men*, a vulgar weekly collection on newsprint of photographs of nude women often purchased from Scandinavia—or provided by the agents of Italian starlets. *Playmen* was started in 1967, and looked enough like *Playboy*, which was then banned in Italy, to attract buyers. Except for the Eu-

Hefner, Tattilo does not give sexual advice to readers who write in, but she says: "*Playmen* was started to fill a gap in the Italian press. I hope *Playmen* will contribute to changing, in an intelligent way, certain archaic attitudes toward love and sex among Italian men and women."

*Playmen* probably is helping to change official Italian attitudes. Five years ago it was dangerous in Italy to publish a photograph of a woman with a bare bosom. Such pictures—for instance, in *Vogue*'s Italian edition—no longer provoke surprise. Despite the seizure orders (usually from a local prosecutor), *Playmen* has only rarely been charged under Article 725 of the Italian penal code for "violation of the common sense of decency."

Is *Playmen* obstructing the liberation of women, as some American critics have claimed of *Playboy*? Says Tattilo: "It is possible that Mr. Hefner considers the women in his magazine 'objects' instead of individuals. This is certainly not my way. In our concept of eroticism, the woman is the 'subject' as much as the man. I think that the American woman should first think of liberating herself from herself, from her own myth that threatens to crush the American male. I am surprised that in America there is no men's liberation movement."

## The Shrink

Rising paper costs and an impending quantum jump in second-class postal rates are forcing shrinkage in the size of many U.S. magazines. Such *LIFE*-size books as *Holiday* and *Boys Life* have already been reduced to virtual *TIME* size. *McCall's* will go to the smaller format with its February issue. Last week *Esquire* announced that it too would shrink, starting in September.

The reasons are more economic than aesthetic: postage matters more than paper to the mass-circulation magazines. For those in financial straits, it is a matter of shrink or sink. Some time this year, a new, privately run U.S. Postal Service will raise second-class mailing rates by at least 50%, and probably by 100% over the next five years, to make second class pay its own way. Rates are based on weight; smaller magazines cost less to mail.

But there'll always be an adman. In a full-page newspaper announcement of the size change last week, *Esquire* Publisher Arnold Gingrich discovered that his magazine had a "big and bulky old-fashioned page size," and dismissed it as the "full three-masted rigging of yesterday." Despite record advertising revenues and circulation (1,175,000), he decreed the switch to a "more modern size," promising readers more pages (presumably ones of lighter weight) and more color, and advertisers a better page rate per thousand. Gingrich hinted at a further fringe benefit in the smaller size: *Esquire* will be less "awkward to read in bed."

## THE THEATER

### Synge's Wake

Manhattan's Lincoln Center Repertory Theater is where dramatic classics are reduced to instant ruins. Plays that have weathered the test of time crumble before this company's demolition crews of sub-par actors, inept directors and mindless miscasting. Even under this grievous assault, the greatest plays invariably salvage something of themselves. Lesser and somewhat fragile dramas, like *The Playboy of the Western World*, are bulldozed into poetic rubble.

This is John Millington Synge's centennial. That fact apparently inspired the current revival of *Playboy*, its revival it may be called, since it more nearly resembles a wake. The play is both simple and symbolic. Young Christy Mahon (David Birney) wanders into a drowsy County Mayo pub with the electrifying news that he has murdered his father by splitting his skull. This stimulates the imagination of the villagers, who are starved for heroics, and captures the heart of Pegeen Mike (Martha Henry), the pubkeeper's daughter, who longs for a man among milks. Bloody-pated but noisomely alive, the father appears—and the intoxicating dream succumbs to the hangover-ache of reality.

The play has a misty beauty that can only be realized by honoring the lovingly precise cadences of Irish speech, the mood music, humor, and melancholy of the Irish spirit. All of these are lost or squandered in the Lincoln Center production. There is a winningly vulnerable boyishness in David Birney's playboy, but the Pegeen Mike of Martha Henry keeps such a gimlet eye on the bar and such a steely tone in her voice that one never believes that she could sway to the lyre of romance.

—T.E. Kalem



DECEMBER COVER

The myth is crushing the male.

ropean style of its nudes and a blessed absence of Helnerian philosophizing, *Playmen* still bears an outward resemblance to its U.S. forebear. Its centerpiece Girl of the Month folds out, while all about her lie layers of fiction, more-or-less serious articles and satellite layouts of film stars on sheets and Scandinavian beauties in saunas.

Since the beginning, not a month has gone by without police in some Italian cities being ordered to seize the magazine. Each month there is a race between the readers and the cops. *Playmen* rarely lasts more than 48 hours on the newsstands; in that time, it is either sold or seized. The readers are usually quicker than the police. Signora Tattilo says that *Playmen* cost \$640,000 to launch and estimates that it is now worth \$1,600,000.

Publisher Tattilo makes the decisions at *Playmen*, including cover-girl choices and such gambles with the law as publishing sneaked *paparazzi* pictures of Brigitte Bardot toplessly sunbathing. Unlike

DAVID BIRNEY & MARTHA HENRY IN "PLAYBOY"



## BEHAVIOR

### The Pitfalls of Black Pride

*If you're white, you're right. If you're brown, stick around. If you're black, stand back.*

For generations, that philosophy was accepted by black Americans. Today Negro children proclaim, "I'm black and I'm proud," and Negro adults send cards like the one that shows a little black girl exclaiming "It's your birthday! I'm just tickled black." Expressions of pride are a good thing when they are genuine, say black Psychiatrists Alvin Poussaint of Harvard and James Comer of Yale. But, they caution in the current *Redbook*, rote

and identity confusion." To promote racial dignity, parents should "emphasize a spirit of community with all black people" so that children will know that they are not alone.

To enable youngsters to cope with the reality of white racism, say the psychiatrists, parents must first admit that it exists. Children must be helped to "develop that delicate balance between appropriate control and appropriate display of anger," for "anger excessively suppressed leads to self-hatred."

Poussaint and Comer stress that sound efforts to foster black pride can help black children stay emotionally healthy—but they can only help. The rest is up to society, since, in a racist America, even genuine black pride is of limited value.



MOTHER READING TO CHILD  
"I'm just tickled black."

teaching of black-dignity slogans may foster not pride but self-hatred.

The danger arises when a child senses that his mother protests too much; if she finds it wonderful to be black, why press the point? Besides, children acquire self-esteem not from words but from love expressed in actions. "No black-pride program," the psychiatrists write, "can repair the damage should we neglect our task of being good parents." That job requires controlling the parents' anti-black prejudice, which is strong in Negroes who are secretly ashamed of their blackness. Poussaint and Comer cite the case of a Government official's wife who preferred her light-skinned son to his darker brother and sometimes told the latter, "You act just like a nigger."

Being a good parent also requires preventing anti-black feelings in black children. When parents counsel "Never be ashamed of your color" and then speak of only light-skinned Negroes as pretty, they "plant seeds of self-doubt, conflict

### The Webs of Maya

Psychiatrists have always known that a troubled man is his own worst enemy. Now, in language that is literary rather than professional, British Psychoanalyst R.D. Laing has documented what he calls "our violation of ourselves." In *Knots* (Pantheon: \$3.95), a slim volume of versatile forms, he depicts man in bondage to himself, caught in the "webs of maya," or illusion, that he has unwittingly spun.

What are the webs made of? Of guilt. Laing seems to say—unnecessary, irrational guilt, perhaps resulting from fantasied childhood "wrongs" and from tortuous, circular reasoning about causes and effects. When a parent is angry, a child is sure that he is unloved because of his "badness." Thus:

My mother does not love me . . .  
I am bad because she does not love me  
She does not love me because I am bad.

That conviction of badness may persist into adulthood as a pervasive sense of worthlessness, destroying relationships with others:

I don't respect myself. . .  
I despise Tom  
because he does not despise me  
Only a despicable person can respect someone as despicable as me. . .

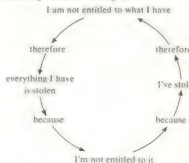
*Knots* suggests that feeling "despicable" produces both fear and an inability to love. There is the fear of the fearful self:

One is afraid of  
the self that is afraid of. . .  
the self that is afraid. . .

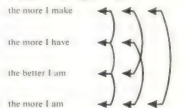
And then there is the fear of accepting reassurance, which can become a masochistic determination to stay unhappy no matter what anyone says:

JILL I'm ridiculous  
JACK No, you are not  
JILL I'm ridiculous to feel ridiculous when I'm not  
You must be laughing at me for feeling you are laughing at me  
if you are not laughing at me.

Even more self-damaging, perhaps, is man's fear of enjoying what he has, either because he may lose it or because he feels that he does not deserve it. To show how illogical a man's logic can be, Laing has drawn diagrams:



A man who has little may feel that this proves that he is bad. So he becomes acquisitive to prove that he is good. Laing's arrows (beginning at any line and followed up or down) show how a corporation executive may think about his pursuit of success. He may reason, for example, that the more money he has (line 2), the more he amounts to as a human being (line 4).



Does Laing see any way out, any possibility of untying the knots? He leaves the answer unclear, but he seems to believe that if there is a solution, it lies in a man himself—"no being has been led to nirvana."

As one goes through it  
one sees that the gate one  
went through  
was the self that went through it. . .

Laing once wrote that "few books today are forgivable." In the pages of *Knots*, psychotherapists will recognize their patients, and patients, as well as some non-patients, will recognize themselves. Many of them may enjoy learning from Laing's poetic insights. For these people, *Knots* will seem an eminently forgivable book.

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## SPORT

### Into the Pride Bowl

After a 188-game season of startling upsets and comebacks, a couple of semi-Cinderella teams stumbled into the 1971 Super Bowl. Both the Baltimore Colts and the Dallas Cowboys have been prime contenders for the championship game since it began in 1967. The Colts reached it once—only to lose; Dallas, despite innumerable preseason predictions that the puissant Cowboys were certain winners, never made it at all. In this Sunday's encounter in Miami, both teams will be less concerned with replenishing their bank accounts (each player on the winning team will receive \$15,000) than with banishing their reputations as losers.

During the past five seasons, Baltimore amassed a brilliant 57-15 rec-

against the Oakland Raiders last week. Johnny U. completed only eleven of 29 passes, but most were long gainers in clutch situations that helped lead the Colts to a 27-17 victory. Showing a new-found aggressiveness, the Colt defense sacked Raider quarterbacks five times and intercepted them three more. A late-blooming rookie running back, Norm Bulaich, bulldozed his way to 71 yards and two touchdowns in 22 carries.

Basically, the Colts are a plodding and unspectacular team, which reflects, in part, the unobtrusive personality of their first-year head coach Don McCafferty, 49. "Execution of plays is what wins for you," he says, "not new formations." Nonetheless, McCafferty is not above introducing a little razzle-dazzle. In the Oakland game, the Colts pulled a varia-

and hanging in there when the going got tough. To help "the team think more of itself," Landry also simplified his multifaceted offense in favor of "physically punishing the other teams, like the Green Bay Packers used to do." To help sore-armed Quarterback Craig Morton shake the "loser onus," the coach began calling all plays from the sidelines—emphasizing a ground game that featured the nearly unstoppable sweeps of Rookie Running Back Duane Thomas. Relying primarily on running and a tenacious defense, Dallas finished the season with five straight victories. Then the Cowboys knocked off the Detroit Lions 5-0 and the high-scoring San Francisco 49ers 17-10 in playoffs to win the National Conference championship.

After last week's victory, the sober-sided "Rev. T.L." as his players call him, allowed himself a moment of emotion. "You can't imagine how we feel," he said. "You just can't imagine how much we've suffered the last four years." The Colts, who are two-point underdogs to the Cowboys, can imagine. Come Sunday, the Pride Bowl will decide which team will suffer some more through a long, hard winter.

### The Haywood Affair

Spencer Haywood, a prodigious jumper under the boards, has just taken the longest leap of his life—from the American Basketball Association to the rival National Basketball Association. In so doing, he stirred up a flurry of lawsuits, restraining orders, injunctions and protests that struck at the very structure of pro basketball. Federal Judge Warren Ferguson, who last week postponed a ruling in the case until Jan. 29, knifed through the complex legal questions to the heart of the matter. "Everyone," he said, "is after this kid's money."

Pro-basketball scouts have been after Haywood ever since he led the U.S. basketball team to victory in the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City. At the University of Detroit, the 6-ft. 9-in. forward became an All-American in his sophomore year. Then he quit school to sign a contract with the Denver Rockets of the A.B.A. Teams from both pro leagues complained that the Rockets had violated the so-called "four-year rule," which prohibits the recruitment of a college player until his class graduates; in Haywood's case, that would be June 1971. Explaining that Haywood was the sole means of support for his mother and nine younger brothers and sisters, the Rockets claimed that he qualified for an A.B.A. proviso waiving the four-year rule for "hardship cases." The league, locked in a bitter recruiting war with the N.B.A. (which has no such proviso), agreed.

There was no question about Haywood's qualifications on the court. Last season he lifted the Rockets to first place in their division, led the league in scoring with an average of 29.9 points a game and in rebounding with a 19.4 average,



UNITAS OF THE COLTS



THOMAS OF THE COWBOYS

Who is going to suffer some more?

ord, the best of any team in the National Football League. But the only thing that people remember is their embarrassing 16-7 loss to the underdog New York Jets in the 1969 Super Bowl. This season, transferred to the American Football Conference in the newly reorganized N.F.L., the Colts have had to live with the charge that they sneaked into the playoffs only because they were in the league's weakest division. Even hometown fans seem unimpressed: when the Colts defeated the Cincinnati Bengals 17-0 in the A.F.C. divisional playoff game two weeks ago, there were more than 5,000 empty seats in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. Such indignities are not taken lightly by the team. Recalling the loss to the Jets, Center Bill Curry moans: "If I live to be 97, there won't be a week I don't think about it. We were the first N.F.L. team to be humiliated before the world." Adds Linebacker Mike Curtis: "All I ever think about is getting back."


**Double Bow-Out.** To do that, the Colts will have to rely, as always, on the passing arm of 37-year-old Johnny Unitas. In the A.F.C. championship game

tion on the old Statue of Liberty play. Their "this week special" was something known as a "66 Double Bow-Out"—a flood of four crisscrossing wide receivers that so confused the Raiders' secondary that Ray Perkins of the Colts was able to score unimpeded on a 68-yd. pass play.

**Losers Onus.** For the Dallas Cowboys, bowing out under pressure is the problem. In each of the past four seasons, Dallas has played for either a league or a divisional title—and lost all four games. An erratic team this season, the Cowboys allowed opponents an average of only nine points in their first four games. By midseason, however, Dallas had lost to the Minnesota Vikings 54-13—the worst defeat in the team's eleven-year history—and taken a 38-0 beating from the St. Louis Cardinals. With a 5-4 record, even Coach Tom Landry had to admit that the team's chances of making the playoffs were "a big fat zero." Headlined one Dallas newspaper: COWBOYS FOLD EARLIER THAN USUAL.

Landry, a Sunday-school teacher who has been known to shed real tears during his locker-room exhortations, read the team a poem about togetherness





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HAYWOOD

*Under the boards and in the courts.*

set new league records for total points in one season (2,519) and in one game (59). He was named both Rookie of the Year and Most Valuable Player. During the off-season, Haywood declared himself 'unhappy with his contract because "I'm not getting half of what I was supposed to get from them." Last November, backed by lawyers from an athletes' management firm, Haywood filed suit to have his Rocket contract nullified. Then two weeks ago, he signed a \$1.5 million contract with the Seattle SuperSonics in the N.B.A. Haywood and the Sonics gained a temporary injunction from Judge Ferguson that forbids the N.B.A. to apply the four-year rule to Haywood. Last week Haywood was used as a substitute in two games for the Sonics, scoring 14 points in each contest. Though Seattle lost both games, their opponents lodged official protests against the appearance of an "illegal player."

Two crucial possibilities raised by the Haywood affair are that 1) the four-year rule will be abolished or redefined, and 2) the A.B.A. and the N.B.A. will be forced into a speedy merger. Like most team owners, Franklin Miele of the San Francisco Warriors feels that the four-year rule "is the guts of our player-acquisition program. Without it, we'd have a no man's land of finances in which a kid would be bombarded by offers. It would certainly make a mockery of the draft." As for the merger, Owner Bill Daniels of the A.B.A.'s Utah Stars says that the two leagues must end their warring ways—or else. "Whether we sign the top players or whether they sign them," he says, "it's going to cost ten times as much. If we don't merge, the bidding war will kill pro basketball."

CARL D. HARRIS—STAMPERS

## MUSIC

### Schoenberg for Others

Neither shellfire nor bombing attack has ever ruffled the musicians of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. Whether they wear tails or fatigues, play in air-conditioned concert halls, musty air-raid shelters or the hot, windy dust bowl of Mount Scopus, they customarily keep near-perfect measure and make fervent music. Last week the 34-year-old orchestra was shaken by another kind of disturbance. Its ordinarily staid and loyal subscribers, protesting the premiere in Israel of Arnold Schoenberg's twelve-tone *Violin Concerto*, had tried to get rid of their subscription tickets in droves. Many of those who actually did show up at the performance later walked out of Tel Aviv's Mann Auditorium in mid-concert.

The works of Richard Wagner are not played in Israel because of the composer's personal notions of Nordic supremacy. Richard Strauss, too, goes unheard, largely due to the fact that he held an official title under the Nazis. As a Jew, Arnold Schoenberg had no such racial or political taint. His *Violin Concerto*, written in 1936 and long considered a classic of atonal music, was simply too "modern" and too unmelodic for the Israel Philharmonic's public, many of whom believe that real music may have stopped with the arrival of Stravinsky. "We come to the concerts tired and want to relax," explained one subscription holder. "We have our own problems and don't need Schoenberg's on top of them."

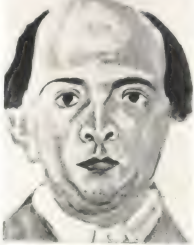
**Empty Seats.** No symphony orchestra in the world has a more critical audience than the I.P.O. None has more public support. Its 35,000 subscribers (probably the highest number proportionately in the world) guarantee sell-out houses for all 209 of the Philharmonic's yearly concerts. Ninety percent of the orchestra's income, in fact, is derived from subscriptions.

The I.P.O. management, therefore, is naturally sensitive to the taste of its public. Last season, the Los Angeles Philharmonic's Zubin Mehta was chosen as long-range music advisor of the orchestra, and he hoped to modernize the repertory. This season Mehta sandwiched a few more or less contemporary works in with the normal rich diet of Haydn, Beethoven and Brahms. A Bartók violin concerto, a Hindemith symphonic piece, Robert Starer's *Samson* and a piano concerto by Alberto Ginastera all appeared on the programs. Mehta even worked in Prokofiev's *Violin Concerto No. 1*, though its jagged musical qualities are rather daring by Israeli standards. The players were happy to get away from the old warhorses, but the management was troubled, especially when empty seats—as rare for the I.P.O. as snow in Jaffa—began showing up in Haifa, Jerusalem and Tel Aviv.

It took the Schoenberg concerto—the first of six scheduled performances by Israel-born Violinist Zvi Zeitlin—to bring the taste and tradition crisis to a head. The ticket holders had simply heard enough new music. At the end of the concert at which the walkouts occurred, the management committee decided to drop the Schoenberg. To replace it, Violinist Zeitlin chose a piece well calculated to mollify his tradition-minded audience, Mendelssohn's melodious *Violin Concerto*. "I approve of the decision," said Mehta on the phone from Los Angeles 10,000 miles away, "but I am not happy about it."

**Boo to Mendelssohn.** Both the change, and the apparently unexceptionable choice, set off something like a national debate. Editors were swamped with letters, and one subscriber threatened to whistle during the playing of Mendelssohn. Orchestra posters in Jerusalem were defaced with scrawled messages: "Boo to Mendelssohn." Music critics naturally were all for Schoenberg. Only Zeitlin seemed pleased to see such excitement over music. "The whole country is up in arms on the side of Mendelssohn or Schoenberg," he said. As critical pressure mounted, the orchestra announced a compromise: it would give an extra free performance of the Schoenberg *Violin Concerto* to all holders of subscription tickets. Even with Zeitlin and Czech Conductor Karel Ancel donating their services, as they offered to do, the concert would cost I.P.O. \$5,000 to put on. "But it will be worth it," said Philharmonic Spokesman Wolfgang Levy, "just to see how many people will turn out. Besides, the orchestra has an intellectual responsibility to play modern music, even if we do not always enjoy it."

THE ETTWARTH ARCHIVE



ARNOLD SCHOENBERG SELF-PORTRAIT (1910)  
*Revolt of the staid and loyal.*

## EDUCATION

### A President for Harvard

The educational eminence known as Harvard last chose a new president 18 years ago. Then, it selected a little-known ancient history scholar who was president of Wisconsin's tiny Lawrence College, Nathan Marsh Pusey. Pusey will leave Harvard in June to head the Andrew Mellon Foundation, and this week the university's dual boards of seven corporation members and 29 overseers meet to end eleven months of speculation over his successor. On the eve of the announcement, all signs pointed to another complex man without national prominence: Derek Curtis Bok, 40, dean of the Harvard Law School.

Bok is much in the mold of Yale President Kingman Brewster, whose finesse and drive have lately nudged Yale's prestige ahead to the point of challenging Harvard's. Like Brewster, Bok has rugged good looks and a legal background, is youthful and a politically deft administrator. Though never a Harvard undergraduate like all previous presidents (he was an undergraduate at Stanford), he graduated *magna cum laude* from Harvard Law and has been on the faculty since 1958. He is respected within his specialty of labor law and is experienced as a strike negotiator, but he is bawdy enough in outlook to have attempted to organize a faculty basketball team. Last year he co-authored a book on U.S. unions with the man who turned out to be his closest rival in the presidential deliberations, Harvard Labor Economist John Dunlop. Recently Bok turned down presidential feelers from Dartmouth and Amherst.

**Coffee and Doughnuts.** In breeding, connections and political outlook, Bok combines solidity to please the old guard and cautious liberalism to please at least some of the new. Of a Philadelphia Main Line family, he is the great-grandson of Cyrus H.K. Curtis, founder of Curtis Publishing, grandson of Edward William Bok, one of the first editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, son of a former Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice, and son-in-law of Swedish Sociologist Gunnar Myrdal.

At first, the list of suggestions gathered from students, alumni, faculty and others numbered 900 and included such diversely improbable personalities as Abbie Hoffman and S.I. Hayakawa; it was narrowed to 23 men a month ago. From the beginning it was clear that the finalists would need reputations that had prospered among the moderates during the recent student protests.

During Harvard's crisis in April 1969, Bok was a member of the committee that Pusey consulted before police were summoned to the campus. Bok dissented from the decision to call in the cops. In the roiled aftermath, says Government Professor Stanley Hoffmann, Bok "was very useful in

bringing some reason to the situation." Though he approves of discipline for the disorderly, Bok's first impulse is mediation. When he arrived to talk to students at a library sit-in in May, he came armed with coffee and doughnuts, not threats.

**Vision Question.** While he is considered neither a brilliant scholar nor a radical innovator, Bok, as Hoffmann put it, was the "most unassailable" candidate on the committee's final list. "What we don't know is whether he has any strong educational philosophy," says Everett Mendelsohn, a history of science professor. All the time that the final selection was pending, Bok kept



DEREK BOK

*Pleasing to the guards.*

amiably mum. A believer in mixing academic and professional disciplines (he holds an M.A. in economics), he has encouraged law programs that blend social science with the school's conventional courses of study.

Harvard's 25th president will inherit a university with outstanding departments and graduate schools that have survived campus disruptions with few permanent scars. This fall, faculty and student energies turned from political disputes toward administrative and curricular reforms. In the decade ahead, says one professor, Harvard will face "a head-on collision between financial stringency and a need for a new look at the substance of education, including some experimentation that costs money." One priority: getting Harvard's independent units to cooperate fruitfully on broad planning. The man who takes over the university must be equipped to maintain campus civility, but his biggest challenge by far will be to provide vision as well.

### Free-Form Reforms on Campus

The procedures seemed heretical six years ago. Campus radicals in California expanded their teach-ins into the "Free University of Berkeley," where students abolished course requirements and grades and designed their own "relevant" curriculum. Still in business, the Free University has been copied in some 40 other locations. Moreover, the emphasis on students' taking responsibility for their own education is influencing established campuses. Relaxed grade and course requirements are now optional at several hundred institutions, allowing unprecedented flexibility. The question is whether, in the process, higher education is lowering its standards.

Reformers contend that the new alternatives eliminate the coercion that often blocks real learning, and encourage genuine curiosity in many students who otherwise might be bored to the point of hostility. Skeptics insist that such highly individualized scholarship needs close faculty-student rapport, and that big campuses will never be able to afford the staff to provide it. The new approach, they fear, could eliminate incentives to hard work and undercut liberal education with academic faddism.

The new diversification is being demonstrated most vividly this month at the more than 200 institutions that now have four-week "interim" sessions. With first-term exams behind them, students are virtually free to do—and get credit for—whatever they can persuade a faculty adviser to approve. At Hampshire College in Amherst, Mass., one-third of the students are scattering to work with Head Start programs, study primatology with an experimental monkey colony in the Bahamas or apprentice themselves to welders to learn sculpture techniques. At Goucher College near Baltimore, the hit of 55 interim courses concocted by students and professors has the forbidding title "Chemistry and Physics Applied: Nuts and Bolts of Contemporary Society." The course is really a seminar on the workings and repair of everyday household appliances.

**Pass/Fail.** During regular semesters, probably the most common reform is in grading. The traditional system has often led not to knowledge but to cheating, and has encouraged students to take "but" courses rather than risk their averages on more challenging subjects. In many colleges from Harvard to Stanford, students now can choose to get only a "pass" or "fail." The option is usually restricted to elective courses.

A surprising number of students avoid the new experimentation. At Brandeis, there have been complaints that professors freed from making picky numerical judgments have not been painstaking enough in evaluating course work. Other youngsters are inhibited by the knowledge that many employers and graduate schools still equate a pass with a D.

Many universities are also de-empha-



sizing the frequently unpopular "core" courses and the interdepartmental introductions to "general education" or "contemporary civilization" once pioneered at Columbia, Chicago and Harvard. The University of Michigan has a new Bachelor of General Studies degree with only one requirement: a student may take no more than 40 of his 120 credit hours in any one department. Freed from the command to be broadly educated, the 1,400 candidates tend to range widely anyway. A common spread of courses includes Russian novels, Chinese studies and sociology, economics and psychology.

The apogee of the new freedom permits students who can make a case for it to design their own courses and independent study projects. Explains William C. Spencer, the president of Ohio's small Western College for women: "For

do occur. Reformers contend that the cop-outs are no worse than those under the conventional system. One common result of independent study is students who set themselves goals as ambitious as any professor could set for them. A student-suggested course at Stanford produced a major study of pollution in the San Francisco Bay Area. Michigan's "Course-mart" offerings have concentrated on rigorous reading and rapping about topics like American foreign policy. At Brown, one senior majored in martyrdom, put himself through philosophy, history and literature courses, and did independent papers on "the psychology of sacrifice" and "martyr figures in history."

**Interested Students.** Whatever the ultimate judgment, the changes at last seem to be improving morale. Brown's sweeping curriculum overhaul (TIME,

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Susan Eisenhower, 19, Ike's grandchild and second daughter of U.S. Ambassador to Belgium John Eisenhower; and Alexander Hugh Bradshaw, 29, a London barrister; both for the first time; in a Roman Catholic ceremony in Gettysburg, Pa.

**Married.** George C. Wallace, 51, Governor-elect of Alabama and Dixie's whiplom presidential candidate; and Cornelia Ellis Snively, 32, onetime professional water skier and niece of former Governor James E. Folsom; both for the second time (Lurleen Wallace, who succeeded her husband as Governor in 1967, died of cancer a year later); in a Presbyterian ceremony in Montgomery, Ala.

**Died.** Charles ("Sonny") Liston, 38, former world heavyweight champion; of causes as yet unknown, although sheriff's deputies found puncture marks in each arm and a quarter ounce of heroin in the kitchen; in Las Vegas (his wife found his body in their home about a week after his death). "Ever since I was born, I've been fighting for my life," Liston used to say. Much of it was out of the ring. Son of an Arkansas cotton farmer, Liston in his late teens was serving a five-year sentence for a restaurant holdup when a prison chaplain tried to channel his ferocious aggressions into boxing. Under the guidance of the mob, he won all but one of his first 34 matches and in 1962 took the heavyweight title from Floyd Patterson. "The Big Bear" lost to brash young Cassius Clay in 1964 when he failed to answer the seventh-round bell and a year later lost to Clay again in a 102-second title bout in which he was felled by a "phantom" right-hand punch that many ringside observers thought not strong enough to be a knockout punch.

**Died.** Richard Kollmar, 60, former Broadway producer and longtime radio actor best known for his portrayal of the title role in *Boston Blackie* and *Breakfast with Dorothy* and *Dick*, a daily talk show in which he and his late wife, Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, would chat intimately over the clatter of morning dishes; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Eric Hodgins, 71, former managing editor and publisher of *FORTUNE* and vice president of Time Inc., best known for his 1946 novel, *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. "I was Mr. Blandings," he later said of the book, which poked waspish fun at the trials of a New York adman constructing a country house. A journalist noted for wit and style, Hodgins also wrote *Episade*, an intensely personal recollection of his struggle to overcome the psychological and physical effects of a stroke that partially paralyzed him in 1960.



GOUCHER COURSE IN APPLIED CHEMISTRY & PHYSICS  
Really a seminar on household appliances.

a long time it was taken for granted that a college's job was to find and provide motivation for students. We believe that students are better than that—that if they are given real responsibility, they will take it and grow. We regard the college as a set of tools that a student can use if she wants to learn something."

A crucial ingredient is astute, dedicated counseling. Many students emerge from high school not knowing enough either of life or of scholarship to make informed choices. Voicing a common fear that universities will become "intellectual supermarkets," M.I.T. Mathematician Kenneth Hoffman, who heads a curriculum-study committee, observes that "freedom requires unifying principles if it is to lead to more than eclecticism." Yet counseling is a large expense to the school if widely used, and professors are reluctant to take it on; advising rarely counts toward promotion.

In the absence of sound guidance—and willingness to work on the students' part—abuses of the new freedom

July 4, 1969), now in its second year, attracted the largest freshman class in the university's history. At the University of California's Santa Cruz campus, where French and Spanish language enrollment has dropped some 20%; Language Coordinator Benjamin T. Clark says: "Students are now taking languages because they're interested. This will put us a bit more on our toes." Critics point out, of course, that free-market competition could also put out of business academic departments that are guilty of nothing more than being out of fashion.

Independent study has undercut the notion that learning requires formal schooling. Already, a consortium of 17 colleges, including progressive Antioch and the traditional University of South Carolina, has announced plans for a "university without walls" that may be the ultimate in free-form reform. Students would be able to enroll in courses at any participating institution, take as long as they want to graduate, and get full academic credit for learning while holding jobs.



## THE LAW

# The Shame of the Prisons

*It is with the unfortunate, above all, that humane conduct is necessary.*

—Dostoevsky

PRESIDENT Nixon calls them "universities of crime." Chief Justice Burger has become a crusader for their reform. Legislators have taken to investigating them—and citizens have finally begun to listen. After decades of ignoring their prisons, Americans are slowly awakening to the failure that long neglect has wrought.

It is not just the riots, the angry cries of 426,000 invisible inmates from the Tombs to Walla Walla, that have made prisons a national issue. Public concern is rooted in the paradox that Americans have never been so fearful of rising crime, yet never so ready to challenge the institutions that try to cope with it. More sensitive to human rights than ever, more liberated in their own lives and outlooks, a growing number of citizens view prisons as a new symbol of unreason, another sign that too much in America has gone wrong.

It is a time when people have discovered with a sense of shock that the blacks who fill prisons (52% in Illinois) see themselves as "political victims" of a racist society. It is a time when many middle-class whites are forced to confront prisons for the first time, there to visit their own children, locked up for possession of pot or draft resistance. A time when many judges have finally begun to make personal—and traumatic—inspections. After a single night at the Nevada State Prison, for example, 23 judges from all over the U.S. emerged "appalled at the homosexuality," shaken by the inmates' "soul-shattering bitterness" and upset by "men raving, screaming and pounding on the walls." Kansas Judge E. Newton Vickers summed up: "I felt like an animal in a cage. Ten years in there must be like 100 or maybe 200." Vickers urged Nevada to "send two bulldozers out there and tear the damn thing to the ground."

### The Big House

It will not be easy to raise, much less reform, the misnamed U.S. "corrections" system, which has responsibility for more than 1.2 million offenders each day and handles perhaps twice as many each year. Since 1967, four presidential commissions, dozens of legislative reports and more than 500 books and articles have pleaded for prison reform. But the system remains as immutable as prison concrete, largely because life behind the walls is still a mystery to the public. Most Americans think of prisons only in terms of the old "big house" movies starring James Cagney and more recently Burt Lancaster.

In fact, the corrections system is not a system at all. It is a hodgepodge of un-

coordinated institutions run independently by almost every governmental unit in the U.S. Pacesetter federal institutions (20,000 prisoners) range from maximum-security bastilles like Atlanta Penitentiary to a no-walls unit for tame young offenders in Seagoville, Texas. The states offer anything from Alabama's archaic road gangs to California's Men's Colony West, one of the nation's two prisons for oldsters. There are forestry camps for promising men and assorted detention centers for 14,000 women. Some juvenile institutions are the best of the lot because reformers get the most political support at that level. But many areas are still so lacking in juvenile facilities that 100,000 children a year wind up in adult pens.

### The Jail Mess

Two-thirds of all U.S. offenders technically serving time are actually outside the walls on parole or probation, but most offenders have at some point encountered the worst correctional evil: county jails and similar local lockups. Such institutions number 4,037—a fact not even known until last week, when the federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration published the first national jail census. Jails usually hold misdemeanants serving sentences of a year or less. More important, they detain defendants awaiting trial; 52% of all people in jails have not yet been convicted of any crime. Of those, four out of five are eligible for bail but cannot raise the cash. Because courts are overloaded, unconvicted defendants may linger in crowded cells for months or even years.

To be sure, jails vary widely from two-cell rural hovels to modern urban sky-scrapers. But the vast majority treat minor offenders—and the merely accused—more harshly than prisons do felons, who commit graver crimes. The jail mess is typified by New Orleans' Parish Prison, a putrid pen built in 1929 to hold 400 prisoners. It now contains 850—75% of them unsentenced. Money and guards are so short that violent inmates prey on the weak; many four-bunk cells hold seven inmates, mattresses smell of filth and toilets are clogged. Prisoners slap at cockroaches "so big you can almost ride them."

Jail conditions frequently breed hardened criminals who then go on to the prisons themselves, the second anomaly in a pattern that stands as a monument to irrationality. The typical U.S. felon is sentenced by a judge who may have never seen a prison and has no idea whether a year will suffice. Leaving the courtroom, where his rights were scrupulously respected, the felon has a good chance of being banished to one of 187 escape-proof fortresses, 61 of them built before 1900. Now stripped of most rights, he often arrives in chains



and becomes a number. His head sheared, he is led to a bare cage dominated by a toilet. In many states his cellmate may represent any kind of human misbehavior—a docile forger, a vicious killer, an aggressive homosexual.

In this perverse climate, he is expected to become socially responsible but is given no chance to do so. He is told when to wake up, eat and sleep; his letters are censored, his visitors sharply limited. His days are spent either in crushing idleness or at jobs that do not exist in the "free world," such as making license plates for a few cents' pay an hour. In some states, he cannot vote (even after his release), own property or keep his wife from divorcing him. He rarely gets adequate medical care or sees a woman. Everything is a privilege, including food, that can be taken away by his keepers.

If he is accused of violating one of scores of petty rules, he is haled before the "adjustment council" without right to counsel. If he denies guilt, he can be punished for implying that his accuser guard lied; if he admits it, he may lose "good time" (eligibility for parole) and perhaps land in solitary. The lesson is clear: truth does not pay.

If he happens to be a rich criminal, a Mafia type, life in some prisons can be easy. Ill-paid "backs" (guards) may sell him anything from smuggled heroin to a girl's cellmate. More often he is a complete loser: for him, prison is synonymous with poorhouse. Already angry at life's winners, he becomes even more insensitive to others in a doomed universe whose motto is "Do your own time"; trust no one, freeze your mind, be indifferent. Unequipped for normal society, he may well be headed back to prison as soon as he leaves. In fact, he may come to prefer it: Why struggle in a world that hates ex-convicts?

Everyone knows what prisons are supposed to do: cure criminals. Way back in 1870, the nation's leading prison of-

ficials met in Cincinnati and carved 22 principles that became the bible of their craft: "Reformation," they declared, "not vindictive suffering, should be the purpose of the penal treatment of prisoners." Today, every warden in the U.S. endorses the ideal of rehabilitation. Every penologist extols "individualized treatment" to cure each inmate's hang-ups and return society's misfits to crime-free lives. But the rhetoric is so far from reality that perhaps 40% of all released inmates (75% in some areas) are reimprisoned within five years, often for worse crimes. Says Rod Beatty, 33, who began with a \$65 forged check, became an armed robber, and is now a four-time loser in San Quentin: "Here you lose all sense of values. A human life is worth 35¢, the price of a pack of cigarettes. After five years on the inside, how can you expect me to care about somebody when I get outside?"

#### Slavery in Arkansas

Without question, the U.S. boasts some prisons that look like college campuses—humane places that lack walls and shun official brutality. Guards chat amiably with inmates; men are classified in graded groups, promoted for good conduct and sped toward parole.

And yet, rehabilitation is rare. By and large, mere aging is the main cause of going straight. For inmates between the ages of 16 and 30—the vast majority—neither the type of prison nor the length of sentence makes any significant difference. The repeater rate, in fact, is rising. Something is clearly wrong with a system that spends \$1 billion a year to produce a failure record that would sink any business in a month. Consider a random sample of prisons from the worst to the best:

**ARKANSAS.** Whether in 110° F. summer heat or winter cold, 16,000 acres of rich southeastern Arkansas land will always be tilled. This is the Cummins Prison Farm, where 200 convicts stoop in

the vast cotton fields twelve hours a day, 54 days a week—for zero pay. Such are the wages of sin in what may be the nation's most Calvinistic state.

A virtual slave plantation in the 20th century, Cummins takes all kinds of errands and turns them into white-clad "rankers" who work or perish. Toiling from dawn to dusk, they move in a long line across the fields, supervised by a horseman in khaki and five unmounted "shotguns" (guards) who "push" the serfs along. At each corner of the field stands another guard, armed with a high-powered rifle. All the guards are convicts, the toughest at Cummins. Hated by rankers, the trustees are picked for meanness in order to keep them alive off duty. They are killers, armed robbers, rapists—ready to gun down the first ranker who strays across an imaginary line in the fields.

After three skeletons were dug up on the farm in 1968, national publicity moved the state to do a little fixing. Guntoting trustees lost some power, 60 more free-world staffers arrived, \$450,000 was allotted to replace some men and mules with farm machinery. Robert Sarver, head of the Arkansas penal system, is pushing hard for improvement against stiff odds. But Cummins still lacks any schooling, counseling or job training. For a college-trained social worker, the state pays only \$593 a month; Cummins can barely attract civilian guards (\$330). Says Sarver: "We can't guarantee a man's safety."

Last year U.S. District Judge J. Smith Henley ruled that imprisonment in Arkansas amounts to unconstitutional "banishment from civilized society to a dark and evil world." He ordered the state to reform Cummins by the fall of 1971 or face an order to close the place. But the evil world persists. With no pay, Cummins prisoners survive by selling their blood or bodies. To blot out the place, they sniff glue and gamble smuggled pills. Some mornings, 200

PRISONERS IN TIERED CELL IN LOUISIANA





DINNER AT TEXAS STATE PENITENTIARY



FIELD WORK UNDER GUARD  
CELL AT TEXAS STATE



men are too stoned to work. Since gambling is pervasive, loan sharks top the prison pecking order. They charge 50¢ per dollar a week and swiftly punish defaulters. In a single month last summer, Cummins recorded 19 stabbings, assaults and attempted rapes. The worst of it is the privacy-robbing barracks, where 100-bunk rooms house all types, from harmless chicken thieves to homicidal sadists, and the young spend all night repelling "creepers" (rapists). "You're all there in the open," shudders a recently released car thief named Frank. "Someone's stinking feet in your face, radios going, guys gambling. You never really get to sleep. What's worse is the fear. There's no protection for your life. I kept thinking 'if I get out—not 'when.'"

**INDIANA.** With its 40-ft. walls, the gray castle in Michigan City looks its part: a maximum-security pen for 1,800 felons, including teen-age lifers. Inside, the walls flake, the wiring sputters and the place is falling apart. Indiana spends only 1.5% of its state budget on all forms of correction.

Like many legislatures, Indiana's insists that prisons make a profit. Last year Indiana State Prison turned out 3.5 million license plates, among other things, and netted the taxpayers \$600,000—no problem when inmates get 20¢ an hour. Inmates also provided the prison's few amenities. Many cells are jammed with books, pictures, record players and tropical fish in elaborate tanks. There are two baseball diamonds, three miniature golf courses, tennis, basketball and handball courts—all equipment paid for by the inmates' recreation fund.

The prison needs far more than play. It teems with bitter men, one-third of them black. Some of the toughest are young militants transferred from Indiana State Reformatory at Pendleton, where 225 blacks staged a sitdown last year to protest the prolonged solitary confinement of their leaders. Instead of using tear gas or other nonlethal weapons, Pendleton guards fired shotguns pointblank into the unarmed crowd, killing two blacks and seriously wounding 45. One official gasped: "They slaughtered them like pigs."

At Indiana State, Pendleton survivors and other young blacks grate against 245 guards, most of them middle-aged whites and some close to 70. This is a U.S. pattern: only 26% of all prison guards are younger than 34; only 8% are black. To compound Indiana State's age and racial tensions, only a third of the inmates actually work. Boredom is chronic. The prison has only 27 rehabilitation workers; job training is absurd. Since the state provides few tools, vocational classes make do with donated equipment: archaic sewing machines, obsolete typewriters, TV sets dating to Milton Berle.

Why not send some promising Indiana inmates to work or school outside? "Their victims would disagree,"

says Warden Russell Lash, a former FBI agent. Lash, only 29, is a good man hampered by his budget and the voters' fears. His first duty, he says, is "custody."

**CALIFORNIA.** Though it leads all states in systematic penology, California has the nation's highest crime rate. Critics also claim that the system is characterized by a kind of penal paternalism that becomes psychological torment. In a much touted reform, California judges give indeterminate sentences; corrections officials then determine each offender's fate according to his presumably well-tested behavior. Thus 66% of all convicted offenders get probation, 6% work in 20-man forestry crews, and only 13.5% of felons go to prison. Despite rising crime, California's prison population (26,500) has actually dropped by 2,000 in the past two years.

All this saves millions in unneeded prison construction. But it fills prisons with a higher ratio of hard-core inmates who disrupt the rest. And because of indeterminate sentences, California "corrects" offenders longer than any other state by a seemingly endless process (median prison stay: 36 months) that stirs anger against the not always skilled correctors. Says one San Quentin official: "It's like going to school, and never knowing when you'll graduate."

Something is not quite right even at the state's cushiest "correctional facilities" (bureaucratized for prisons), some of which could pass for prep schools. At no-walls Tehachapi, near Bakersfield, inmates can keep pianos in their unbarred rooms, get weekend passes and join their wives at "motels" on the lush green premises. Yet Tehachapi is full of repeaters, prison-dependent men who soon violate their paroles and return.

These days, California's black prisoners are rebelling at places like Soledad, a seeming garden spot in the Salinas Valley that looks like a university campus. Soledad's 960 acres throb with activity: tennis, basketball, weight lifting, a dairy, a hog farm. Inmates earn up to \$24 a month turning out toilet paper and handsome furniture for the judges and prosecutors who got them the jobs. But for 180 rebels confined in Soledad's "X" and "O" wings, there is no play or work. Because they scorn prison rules, they are locked up tighter than lions in a zoo.

Many are blacks who see themselves as political victims, others whites who hate the blacks. Racial tension is so bad that some prisoners wear thick magazines strapped to their backs to ward off knife blades. In January 1969, the prisoners were allowed to exercise together in a small yard. Before long, a guard shot and killed three blacks. According to the guard's testimony before a Monterey County grand jury, the blacks were beating a white inmate. The guard said that he fired a warning shot, then killed the attackers. Though black witnesses insisted that there was no warning shot, the grand jury ruled

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**DATSUN** 



justifiable homicide. At Soledad not long after that ruling, a white guard was thrown off a balcony to his death.

The accused killers are three unrelated blacks who call themselves the Soledad Brothers. They include George Jackson (see page 54), one of the angriest black men. In one of his many despairing letters to Angela Davis, the black Communist, Jackson wrote: "They've created in me one irate, resentful nigger—and it's building."

### Costly Cages

The idea that imprisonment "corrects" criminals is a U.S. invention. Before the 18th century, prisons mainly detained debtors and the accused. Punishment itself was swift and to the point. Europeans castrated rapists and cut off thieves' hands; the Puritans put crooks in stocks and whipped blasphemers—then forgave them.

In 1790, Philadelphia's Quakers started a humane alternative to corporal punishment: they locked errands in solitary cells until death or penitence (source of penitentiary). Soon the U.S. was dotted with huge, costly, isolated cages that deepened public fear of those inside and reinforced a U.S. spirit of vengeance against prison inmates.

Caging has crippled the entire system. Burdened with vast forts that refuse to crumble (25 prisons are more than 100 years old), wardens cope with as many as 4,000 inmates, compared with the 100 that many penologists recommend. Archaic buildings make it difficult to separate tractable from intractable men, a key step toward rehabilitation. The big numbers pit a minority against a majority, the guards against the prisoners. Obsessed with "control," guards try to keep inmates divided, often by using the strong to cow the weak. The result is an inmate culture, enforced by fist or knife, that spurs passivity and destroys character.

Even though two-thirds of all offenders are on parole or probation, they get the least attention: 80% of the U.S. correctional budget goes to jails and prisons; most of the nation's 121,000 correctional employees simply guard inmates and worry about security. Only 20% of the country's correctors work at rehabilitation and only 2% of all inmates are exposed to any innovative treatment.

Federal prisons lead most of the U.S. in job training; yet few released federal inmates find jobs related to their prison work. With notable exceptions, like California, most states provide no usable training, partly because unions and business have lobbied for laws blocking competition by prison industries. At least one-third of all inmates simply keep the prison clean or do nothing. Most of them need psychiatric help. Despite this, there are only 50 full-time psychiatrists for all American prisons, 15 of them in federal institutions, which hold only 4% of all prisoners.

The failure of American prisons, hu-

mane or inhumane, to change criminal behavior is hardly their fault alone. The entire American criminal justice system shares the blame. It is perfectly human, if somewhat bizarre, for a criminal to see himself as a victim. The U.S. reinforces that defense: most crimes are committed for economic reasons by the poor, the blacks and other have-nots of a society that stresses material gain. In fact, only 20% of reported U.S. crimes are solved; half the crimes are never even reported. Since justice is neither swift nor certain, the caught criminal often sees his problem as mere bad luck in a country where "everyone else" gets away with it.

He has a point. Americans widely ig-



JAIL RIOT IN NEW YORK CITY  
A monument to irrationality.

nore laws they dislike, whether against gambling or marijuana. The nicest people steal: roughly 75% of insurance claims are partly fraudulent. Uncaught employees pocket \$1 billion a year from their employers. To poor offenders who go to jail without bail the system is unfair, and the legal process strengthens that opinion. If a man cannot afford a good lawyer, he is pressured to plead guilty without a trial, as do 90% of all criminal defendants. He then discovers that for the same crime, different judges hand out wildly disparate sentences, from which 31 states and the federal courts allow no appeal.

So the prison gets a man who sees little reason to respect state-upheld val-

ues. Even if he actually leaves prison as a reformed character, he faces hazards for which no prison can be blamed. In a Harris poll, 72% of Americans endorsed rehabilitation as the prison goal. But when it came to hiring an ex-armed robber who had shot someone, for example, 43% would hesitate to employ him as janitor, much less as a salesman (54%) or a clerk handling money (71%). This is obviously understandable; it also teaches ex-cons that crime pays because nothing else does.

Even parole supervision is often cursory and capricious. Many parole agents handle more than 100 cases; one 15-minute interview per month per man is typical. The agents can also rule a parolee's entire life, even forbid him to see or marry his girl, all on pain of reimprisonment—a usually unappealable decision made by parole agents, who thus have a rarely examined effect on the repeater rate. To test their judgment, Criminologists James Robison and Paul Takagi once submitted ten hypothetical parole-violator cases to 316 agents in California. Only five voted to reimprison all ten men; half wanted to return some men but disagreed on which ones.

### Groping for Change

Can prisons be abolished? Not yet. Perhaps 15% or 20% of inmates are dangerous or unreformable. Still, countless experts agree that at least half of today's inmates would do far better outside prison. President Johnson's crime commission advocated a far greater shift to "community-based corrections" in which prisons would be a last resort, preceded by many interim options designed to keep a man as close as possible to his family, job and normal life—not caged and losing all self-reliance.

Sweden provides a fascinating model. Each year, 80% of its convicted offenders get a suspended sentence or probation, but forfeit one-third of their daily pay for a period determined by the seriousness of their offenses. The fine can be a tidy sum. After Film Maker Ingmar Bergman angrily cuffed a critic two years ago, he was convicted of disturbing the peace and fined for a 20-day period. Total: \$1,000.

Swedes who actually enter prison mostly work in attached factories, earning nominal wages to make products for the state. Some promising long-term inmates attend daytime classes at nearby schools and colleges. All live in comfortable private rooms, furnished with desks and curtains, and are eligible for short, regular furloughs to visit their families. For several summers, groups of ten or so life-termers have been given three-week vacations, accompanied by only two guards.

Most of Sweden's 90 prisons contain no more than 120 inmates; one-third of all inmates live in open institutions without bars or walls. Guns are unheard of, some wardens are women, and inmates often carry keys to their own rooms. The escape rate is high

(8%), but fugitives are rapidly caught, and Swedes are more interested in the statistic that really counts: in a country where the average prison sentence is only five months, the repeater rate is a mere 15%.

With its small, homogeneous population, Sweden has advantages that cannot be duplicated in urban, congested, racially tense America. Even so, the U.S. is groping in the Swedish direction—slowly.

► In New York City, a pioneering program started by the Vera Foundation waives money bail for offenders who can show job stability or family ties pending trial. Results suggest that perhaps 50% of jail inmates could be freed in this way, cutting the U.S. jail bill (\$324 million per year) by half.

► Kansas has heeded Psychiatrist Karl Menninger, a searing prison critic (*The Crime of Punishment*), and set up a felon's "diagnostic center" near the Menninger Clinic in Topeka. The state now sends all prison-bound felons to the center for exhaustive tests by four full-time psychiatrists and numerous other experts. Result: half these men get probation. Among all such Kansas probationers, the failure rate has dropped to 25%, much less than in other states. Congress has approved a similar \$15 million center in New York City to screen federal defendants after arrest.

► North Carolina's innovating "work-release" program (also common in federal prisons) sends 1,000 promising inmates into the free world each day to function normally as factory workers, hospital attendants, truck drivers. Another 45 prisoners are day students at nearby colleges; one did so well that he got a faculty job offer.

► Senator Mike Mansfield has introduced a bill that would pay up to \$25,000 apiece to victims of federal crimes. Then empower the Justice Department to sue convicted offenders to recover the money. States would get federal grants to copy the plan. Of all U.S. offenses, 87% are property crimes, and restitution as the entire punishment makes sense in many cases unless violence is involved. Variations include Sociologist Charles Tittle's idea: the state would repay victims immediately, then confine and employ property offenders at union wages, keeping half their pay and putting the rest in trust for their use upon release.

The big trouble is that penology (from the Latin *poena*, meaning penalty) is still an infant art given to fads and guesswork, like the 1920s reformers who yanked tens of thousands of teeth from hapless inmates on the theory that bad teeth induced criminality. Even now, penology has not begun to exploit the findings of behavioral scientists who believe that criminal behavior is learned, and can be unlearned with the proper scientific methods.

They know that misbehavior can be changed by "punishment"—if a reward for good behavior follows very swiftly.

If a reward (like parole) is delayed too long, they say, the subject forgets what he is being punished for, becomes aggressive and may go insane. In this sense, the Puritan use of stocks followed by forgiveness worked far better than U.S. prison terms, some of them as incredibly long as 500 or even 1,500 years. For many U.S. offenders, especially first-timers, the mere shame of arrest and conviction is quite enough to prevent repetition.

Applying the principle of "response cost," some psychologists also say that a punishment must be in the same terms as the crime. Instead of fining a speeder, for example, they would immediately impound his car or license and make him walk home. Conversely, a cash theft might be dealt with not by jail but by

a stiff fine equivalent to reparation. Another possibility for changing criminal behavior is "aversion therapy," which is used, for example, to cure bed wetting in children. Instead of chiding or coddling the child, the therapist has him sleep on a low-voltage electric blanket linked to a battery and a bell. Urine, which is electrolytic, then activates the bell, the child awakes and goes to the bathroom. A cure usually follows soon.

Since crime is often emotionally satisfying, a major problem is how to banish its thrills. One way is suggested by the work of Psychologist Ivar Lovaas with certain disturbed children who consistently try to mutilate themselves. He noticed that when the children went on a rampage, nurses warmly cuddled them and thus unconsciously rewarded their

## From Killers to Priests:

Most U.S. inmates are faceless, nameless men—mere crime statistics converted to prison numbers. But even behind the walls, some have overcome that anonymity, or retained their original notoriety. Among them:



SMITH



JACKSON



HOFFA

**EDGAR SMITH.** No American has endured death row longer (13 years, 7 months) than Edgar Smith—and few inmates have achieved greater self-rehabilitation. In 1957 he was a high school dropout of 23, an ex-Marine and jobless drifter. That summer he was charged with killing an acquaintance, a Ramsey, N.J., schoolgirl whose body was found in a deserted sand pit, her skull crushed by a 14-lb. boulder. Though Smith vehemently denied guilt, he was convicted on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to die in the electric chair at Trenton State Penitentiary. Instead of vegetating in his cell, Smith, now 36, has fully employed his genius-level IQ (154). He has read scores of books, rushed through college correspondence courses and written two published books, one a novel (*A Reasonable Doubt*) and the other a blast at U.S. justice (*Brief Against Death*). Still proclaiming his innocence, he has also become a first-rate jailhouse lawyer, personally filing appeals that even the judge who sentenced him admits show "the consummate skill of a seasoned practitioner."

**GEORGE JACKSON.** As a small boy growing up in one of Chicago's black ghettos, Jackson was so intrigued by his first sight of a white skin that he walked up and touched it. His curiosity earned him a swift blow on the head with a baseball bat. Since that time, Jackson, whose brother Jonathan was cut down while leading a raid on the Marin County courthouse last August, has battled white society. For eleven years, Jackson, 29, has served time in California prisons for the \$70 robbery of a gas station—7½ years of that time in solitary confinement. Though eligible for parole after his first six months, he has been repeatedly turned down, and continues to promote black rage and militancy among inmates. His own rage has gone partly into self-help training: 1,000 push-ups a day, heavy reading, and the writing of letters so striking that they have recently been published in a book, *Soledad Brother: The Prison Letters of George Jackson*. He now sits in San Quentin's maximum-security wing, awaiting trial on new charges of murdering a white prison guard at Soledad Prison last year. If convicted, Jackson faces a mandatory sentence: death in the gas chamber.

**JAMES HOFFA.** Once the omnipotent union boss who ruled the nation's 1,650,000 Teamsters from his elegant Washington office, Jimmy Hoffa, 57, now lives in a first-floor cell in the medium-security federal prison at Lewisburg, Pa. During the first four years of his eight-year term for

destructiveness. Instead Lovaas now jolts the kids with an electric cattle prod, often stopping the behavior pattern in hours or minutes. In his book *Crimine and Personality*, Psychologist H.J. Eysenck offers a fascinating discussion of how certain depressant or stimulant drugs can be used to make a patient feel sick whenever he commits a specific antisocial act. "Given the time and resources," adds Psychologist Barry F. Singer, "a behavior-therapy program could make a bank robber want to vomit every time he saw a bank, could make an armed robber shudder every time he saw a gun."

Unhappily, all this seems remote. Only a fraction of 1% of the nation's entire crime-control budget is even spent on research. Beyond that, the system is mired

in bureaucratic inertia and fiddle-faddle. Many exciting ideas are never institutionalized, the same problem that impedes school reform. In 1965, Psychologist J. Douglas Grant and his wife put 18 hardened California inmates (half of them armed robbers) to work studying how to salvage their peers. They blossomed into impressive researchers, skilled at statistics, interviews, proposal writing and the rest. Today, 13 of Grant's men are doing the same work outside. One former illiterate is getting a doctorate, one man heads a poverty-research company, two are federal poverty officials. Only one is back in prison. To Grant, this shows that criminals can be cured by trying their best to cure other criminals—an idea confirmed by many other experiments and self-

help groups like Synanon and Alcoholics Anonymous.

But prison officials rebuffed Grant's idea, just as they do the work of other ex-convict groups seeking the same result. Instead of self-help, they favor trained officials working with fewer prisoners or parolees, a costly process that may well have little or no effect on the re-peat rate. Thus skeptics wonder about efforts like the Federal Government's new \$10.2 million Robert F. Kennedy Youth Center in Morgantown, W. Va., where 180 staffers work on a mere 200 teen-age offenders, two-thirds of them car thieves. After detailed classification (from "inadequate-immature" to "socialized-subcultural"), the kids are plunged into quasi-capitalism: an incentive system that pays each boy points and pennies for doing his chores and studies well. The pennies are used for room rent and other needs, the points for earning privileges. The idea is intriguing, but the yearly cost per boy is huge (\$9,000 v. \$6,000 in an average juvenile home), and the results are not yet clear.

#### 25¢ on the Dollar

Criminologist James Robison, who does research for the California legislature, is among those who question the accuracy of many penal statistics. He even disputes the much-vaunted results of the California Youth Authority's Community Treatment Project, a famous experiment in which convicted juvenile delinquents were not confined but given intensive tutoring and psychotherapy. After five years, only 28% had their paroles revoked, compared with 52% of another group that was locked up after conviction. As a result, the state expanded the project and cut back on new reformatories, saving millions. Robison, though, has proved, at least to his satisfaction, that the experimenters stacked the deck by ignoring many of the kids' parole violations. He argues that most penal-reform funds are wasted on salaries for bureaucrats, who mainly worry about pleasing their bosses. "For every dollar spent on the criminal justice system," he insists, "we get back about a quarter's worth of crime control."

Given the facts of penal bureaucracy and sheer ignorance, critics like Robison sometimes wonder whether the only rational solution is simply to unlock all jails and prisons, which clearly breed crime and hold only 5% of the nation's criminal population while costing far more to run than all the crimes committed by their inmates. Pessimism is well founded, but the encouraging sign is that few if any Americans defend the system as it is. From the President to the lowliest felon, the nation wants a humane system that truly curbs crime. This is the year of the prisons, the year when Congress may double federal spending (to \$300 million) to spur local reform, the year when something may finally get done and Americans may well heed Dostoevsky's gauding words.

## Six Men Behind the Bars

jury tampering. Hoffa the tough guy has seemingly been a model prisoner. He spends most of his days working in a humid subbasement shop making and repairing mattresses for his fellow prisoners. He gets no pay, whereas his former salary was \$100,000 a year. Polite but somewhat remote from other inmates, Hoffa lifts barbells in the prison gym, attends church services, does a lot of reading and takes periodic walks round the prison's quarter-mile circular track. He may not walk out of the prison gates for many years. Rejected for parole in 1969, he gets a second chance this March. But if his current appeals fail, he faces four more five-year sentences on charges that he mis-used union funds.

**THE BERRIGANS.** After being convicted for their 1967-68 draft-board raids in Baltimore and Catonsville, Md., the nation's most famous peace criminals, Fathers Daniel and Philip Berrigan, jumped bail and eluded FBI agents for weeks before their capture last year. Despite their confinement in the minimum-security federal prison at Danbury, Conn., the two Roman Catholic priests are still bucking the system. Daniel, 49, a Jesuit and poet, is serving a three-year sentence and working as a dental assistant. Philip, 47, a member of the Josephite fathers and a polemicist, is in for six years and doing office work. Together they lead a great books seminar for their fellow inmates. But the imprisoned priests' main interest is prison reform. As self-assigned advocates for the nation's 20,000 federal prisoners, the Berrigans have already filed a class-action suit asking federal courts to halt censorship of prisoners' manuscripts, and to allow all inmates to preach, write and teach freely behind the walls.

**JAMES EARL RAY.** Officially, he is just another state prisoner in cellblock C at Brushy Mountain Penitentiary in Petros, Tenn. But Warden Lewis Tollett keeps a special eye on the man who is serving 99 years for the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and vows that he will never escape. Indeed, Ray, 42, would need a miracle to bust out of Tennessee's only maximum-security prison, a stark structure of white stone in the rugged Cumberland Mountains, where inmates used to dig coal round the clock for 25¢ a ton. Things are far better now, but only a masochist would try to get away. Ray's isolated world consists of his cellblock's 21 other inmates, some of them blacks. Up at 5:30 a.m., he spends eight hours a day as a "block man" (janitor) sweeping and mopping the place, gets a brief recess in the prison gym. At 5 p.m., he is locked up, then told over his typewriter. Ray and his lawyers still hope for a new trial in state criminal court in Memphis, so each night he churns out more legal memorandums for the lawyers before going to sleep.



DAN BERRIGAN



PHIL BERRIGAN



RAY

## ART

### Smuggled Treasure

In December 1969, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts unveiled with a flourish its newest treasure—a small and exquisite portrait of Eleonora Gonzaga attributed to Raphael. A cloud of questions arose—especially how and where the museum had obtained the painting. In an unprecedented move last week, the U.S. Bureau of Customs seized the Raphael, claiming that it had been smuggled into America without declaration.

According to a Government source, it was Dr. Hanns Swarzenski, the Boston Museum's curator of decorative art and sculpture, who allegedly spirited the little (8½ in. by 10½ in.) panel through customs at Logan Airport, probably in his briefcase or under his coat. Meanwhile, the Italian government—piqued at the loss of a documented national treasure—began an investigation. It concluded that the Raphael came to the U.S. directly or indirectly, through an Italian art dealer, Ildebrando Bossi, who died a month ago. Italy's leading art investigator, Rodolfo Siviero, asserts that Bossi bought it "for a very small sum" in 1947 from the aristocratic Fieschi family in Genoa. At the time of his death, Bossi was under indictment for selling the national treasure and exporting it illegally.

The biggest mystery seems to be why Boston felt it necessary to smuggle the Raphael at all. According to Assistant U.S. Attorney Willie J. Davis, the painting would have been admitted without any difficulty if it had been declared. There are no restrictions on original works of art entering America. But now that Italy has made an issue of it, Boston may well lose the Raphael.

### The Revival of Prints

Fifteen years ago, printmaking seemed to be passing unmentioned into oblivion—at least in America, where lithography, etching and silkscreen attracted few major artists. The "precious object" tradition of the artist's print, with its small size, deckle-edged refinement and rigidly traditional techniques, suited neither the epic scale nor the conceptual thrust of new American art. Today the change is absolute. There is hardly a significant American artist who does not make prints as an integral part of his work.

Enthusiasm for the medium runs high, sometimes verging on the erotic. "It's got all the hardness of rock, but all the frailty and sensitivity of albino skin," says Robert Rauschenberg, discoursing on the creamy Bavarian limestone from which lithographs are printed. Master printers have acquired a new importance in modern art. The most flamboyant and innovative of them is Kenneth Tyler, 39, founder and head of Gemini, a Los Angeles printery whose special skills have attracted such artists as Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Josef Albers,

Claes Oldenburg and Roy Lichtenstein.

Tyler would be the first to acknowledge that he did not pioneer the revival of the "traditional" print in the U.S. Tatyana Grosman, 66, started a lithography press in a garage on Long Island, New York, in 1957; she produced prints for, among others, Robert Motherwell, Helen Frankenthaler, Barnett Newman and Jasper Johns, who may well be the world's greatest living lithographer. In Los Angeles, June Wayne's Tamarind Lithography Workshop, hankrolled by the Ford Foundation, has been training printers since 1960. Tyler himself studied at Tamarind

the largest print ever made by hand. To make it, Tyler had three printing stones laminated onto a bed of aluminum honeycomb.

**Vibrant Impresario.** Tyler's policy is to invite four artists a year to produce a suite of prints. Like a mustachioed impresario fussing over his stars, Tyler supplies his charges at Gemini with everything from Arches cover paper to limousines and sushi fish. His first catch was Josef Albers, and the list of his successors reads like a lexicon of the avant-garde. Tyler, as patron, also has his own rules and his own pride of craft. He explains: "Each man will stay about three weeks, doing the drawings and consulting while we're making proofs. But I don't like the artist in the shop when



LICHTENSTEIN'S BRONZE MULTIPLE, "PEACE THROUGH CHEMISTRY"

To every demand, a resourceful response.

from 1963 to 1965. But he found Tamarind's approach to printing conservative—Rauschenberg describes it as "church morality"—and quit to start Gemini in 1965. Since then, Tyler has driven the craft of printmaking beyond all its assumed limits. His contribution to the medium will be celebrated this spring by New York City's Museum of Modern Art, with a full retrospective of the 325 editions Gemini has produced.

Tyler's status as printmaker hangs on resourceful technical response to his artists' aesthetic demands. To make a sufficiently precise edition of Josef Albers' embossed linear prints, Tyler had the exact profiles of the lines programmed on tape and fed to an automatic milling machine, which cut the female mold. Roy Lichtenstein's *Modern Head #4*, an aluminum relief, called for seven processes of engraving, anodizing, lithography and lacquering. For his *Figure in Cup* suite, Los Angeles Artist Ken Price made an immense plaster cup and had a nude model pose with it. Tyler had the whole thing photographed and the photo image incorporated into the print. Even size is pushed to the limit. Measuring more than seven feet high, Rauschenberg's *Sky Garden*, with its looming rocket and superimposed images of Cape Kennedy and the Florida swamps, is

we're doing the mechanical work. The artist has all the aesthetic control; we have all the technical control. The distinction gets very gray at times. There's nothing I'll say no to. But you have to learn that if the artist doesn't like something, he can say so."

Today Tyler has more overtures from artists than he can handle, and his reluctance to produce anything but ambitious prints and multiples (Lichtenstein's 4-ft. bronze relief, *Peace Through Chemistry*, was published at \$5,000) by "name" artists has given rise to predictable criticism. Tyler's argument is that, without subsidy, only assured sales will underwrite the immense cost of the equipment needed to develop the print medium—and he has a point. (June Wayne of Tamarind has the same argument: "The more the artist knows about lithography, the more it costs to make a print of his work because he tends to push the medium.") Still, for Ken Tyler, experiment is the salt of printmaking. "If you have the confidence that the worst that'll happen to you is that you'll fail, you do it. Because I think that, in the end, the artist is the one who'll stand back with you and hold your hand. After all, you did it for him."

—Robert Hughes



# GEMINI RISING: The Print Renaissance



In Ken Price's lithograph, *Figurine Cup VI*, a posed nude photo is combined with brilliant Oriental colors.



Engraved aluminum, anodized and overprinted, is the material for Roy Lichtenstein's *Modern Head #4*.

Exacting technical problems were posed and overcome in Robert Rauschenberg's 7½-ft.-high lithograph and silk screen, *Sky Garden*.





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True, it rides on a tight 97-inch wheelbase. And true, it's designed for only four passengers. Nonetheless, Vega feels much bigger. In fact, it has as much room per passenger as many big cars.

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One more thing that makes Vega feel big: it's a very secure little car. That's due to a whole bunch of things—10" front disc brakes, wide stance, low center of gravity, steel side-guard beams in the doors, and lots of GM safety features.

What we're trying to say is this: Vega is just as much car as any big car, only it's smaller.

**Little, but little.**

Lest you become overwhelmed by its bigness, however, you should rest assured that Vega takes full advantage of its littleness as well.

The 97-inch wheelbase helps it turn around in just 33 feet, curb to curb.

The unique engine is stingy enough to let you go by gas stations where you were once a steady customer. In fact, in our highway tests, Vega's been getting in the neighborhood of 25 mpg with the standard engine and transmission. And that's a pretty nice neighborhood.

And the handling. This just might be Vega's biggest virtue. It rides smoothly and steadily down a turnpike, or darts neatly in and out of traffic. Vega has a tight 22.5:1 overall

steering ratio. And because of its low, wide stance, it's unusually stable in crosswinds.

What it is is fun. Plain old fun.

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Basically, the Vega engine is a 140-cubic-inch overhead cam with an aluminum block.

It comes in two versions: base with 90 horsepower (80 SAE net), and a bigger version with 110 horsepower (93 SAE net) and 2-barrel carburetion. Both run efficiently on no-lead, low-lead or regular gas. And with lower exhaust pollutants.

As you've probably noticed, the Vega engine is pretty big for such a little car. That's why it has such good acceleration. And that's also why it turns slower at cruising speeds—which means it won't suffer the wear and tear of high rpm.

Nor is it as noisy as an engine that's turning faster.

Yet, because of a breakthrough in aluminum-engine technology, our little giant is able to sip gas, not guzzle it.

All in all, it's a whale of a little engine.

**If you like the 1971 Vega,  
you'll like the 1975 Vega.**

There's something else we think you should know right away: now that Vega is out, it's going to stay out.

We don't plan to change it for at least four years. We think you'll like it, just the way it is.

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you won't need much of.**

We've designed the Vega to have as few service problems as possible. In fact, we think it'll prove far superior to most cars on the road in this respect.

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For lots of reasons. One of them is our highly automated assembly line, which assures that each and every Vega will be built with an unequaled uniformity of quality.

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We realize that we've made some pretty big claims for our little Vega, but we have a good reason.

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State Farm is all you need to know about insurance.

## RELIGION

### More Trouble in Holland

Just a year ago this month, the Dutch Pastoral Council of the Roman Catholic Church voted for a policy statement against compulsory celibacy. During the debates preceding that vote (TIME, Jan. 19, 1970), one of the few voices arguing to preserve the old celibacy rule was a young-looking parish priest from The Hague, Msgr. Adrianus J. Simonis, now 39. "Simonis?" said a leading Dutch progressive priest at the time. "An unimportant voice." Soon, by a decree of Pope Paul VI, that "unimportant voice" will speak as bishop of some 1,000,000 Roman Catholics in the diocese of Rotterdam, where he has suddenly become the focus of a growing furor in the Dutch church.

The appointment plunged the Vatican and the Dutch church into confrontation once again, just as it appeared that relations were beginning to simmer down after last year's clash over the celibacy issue. Rotterdam liberals were furious that Paul had bypassed three candidates sent to him by their diocesan chapter, the diocese's most important advisory council. By custom, a Dutch bishop is usually selected from such a council's nominees; if none is acceptable to Rome, the chapter is asked for another list. But the Vatican did not request one.

Both Pope Paul and many of his advisers have long felt that a significant number—even a "silent majority"—of Dutch Catholics were both more loyal and less progressive than their vocal clergy and hierarchy, and Paul was apparently determined that those Catholics should be represented in the Dutch episcopate. When the list from the Rotterdam chapter failed to include such a man, Paul simply reached beyond it to select Simonis.

**Splitting the Vote.** The issue grew more heated when the Vatican tried to claim that Paul's choice in fact represented the will of the Rotterdam majority. The diocesan chapter had drawn its nominations from various sources, including a poll of 80,000 Catholics. The poll, which reportedly mentioned no names, chose a moderate liberal profile for the next bishop. The Vatican contended, however, that Simonis ranked second among suggestions submitted by priests and deanery councils. The liberals did not deny the claim, but attributed Simonis' second-place rankings to liberal vote splitting rather than real support for Simonis. The diocesan chap-



BISHOP-DESIGNATE SIMONIS  
"Rome knows best."

ter rated Simonis eighth, thus putting him off their list of nominations to Rome. Archbishop Angelo Felici, papal pro-nuncio to The Netherlands, charged that the chapter list was "manipulated."

Dutch Buckley, Adrianus Simonis is frank about his conservative attitudes, though he claims that they are exaggerated. "If I am standing next to Ottaviani, I am a liberal. If I am standing next to Hans Küng, I am a conservative." Nonetheless, he disapproves of the idea of married priests, supports *Humanae Vitae* "fully" and thus (unlike most Dutch Catholics) opposes the birth control pill. In theological problems, he believes that "Rome knows best."

Though he has been a priest only 13 years, Simonis is articulate enough to have become a natural leader for Roman Catholic conservatives in The Netherlands—a Dutch William F. Buckley. He seemed to gravitate to conservative leadership shortly after returning from biblical studies in Rome, soon became the conservative spokesman on television and in public discussions. The loyalty was returned. On Dec. 31, as the uproar broke over his appointment, a group of influential conservatives hired a plane to fly over The Hague, fluttering a banner: LONG LIVE BISHOP SIMONIS.

Simonis will need all the loyalty he can get. All 14 Rotterdam deans and nearly 200 pastors in the area have publicly spoken against the appointment. His vicar general has said that the diocesan staff "cannot work with this man." The

Pastoral Council of Rotterdam has asked Simonis to resign. "A bishop can function not only because he has been appointed by the Pope, but also because he has been accepted by the community," the council declared.

Next week, Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink and two other Dutch bishops will make a previously scheduled journey to the Vatican to discuss with the Pope the celibacy issue and perhaps—if Paul permits it—the Simonis appointment. It is possible for the Pontiff to yield on an unpopular bishop: in 1967, Ruthenian rite Catholics in Pittsburgh objected to the regime of Bishop Nicholas T. Elko; Elko was eventually invited to a job in Rome, and a replacement was named. But Paul can be adamant, too—and the fury of Dutch liberals may only serve to heighten his resolve.

### Nice Guys Finish Last

Everyone knows about the old codger who lives to be 100 and cavalierly attributes his longevity to booze, black cigars, beautiful women—and never going to church. According to Dr. George W. Comstock of Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, that kind of impious longevity may be the exception, not the rule. In studies of the relation of socioeconomic factors to disease in the population of Washington County, Md., Comstock and his colleagues made an incidental but fascinating discovery. Regular churchgoing, and the clean living that often goes with it, appear to help people avoid a whole bagful of dire ailments and disasters. Among them: heart disease, cirrhosis of the liver, tuberculosis, cancer of the cervix, chronic bronchitis, fatal one-car accidents and suicides.

The most significant finding was that people who go to church regularly have less arteriosclerotic heart disease. The annual death rate from such disease was about 500 for every 100,000 persons among weekly churchgoers, nearly 900 per 100,000 among "less than weekly" attendees. The studies indicate that good health habits play a part. Washington County is about 80% Protestant, and most Protestants who attend church frequently are not known as habitual or heavy drinkers.

As for bronchitis, Comstock is at a loss to explain the relationship. (Maybe all that hymn singing helps clear the tubes.) In any case, he has a name—or at least a nickname—for the whole phenomenon, which he humorously calls the "Leo Durocher" syndrome. "Nice guys," concludes the good doctor, "do seem to finish last."

CONSERVATIVES' PLANE TRAILING BANNER OVER THE HAGUE

LEVE BISSCHOP SIMONIS

## **"I LIKE HELPING PEOPLE TALK TO EACH OTHER..."**

That's the way Lola Spangler feels about her job.

Lola works at Western Electric's plant in Allentown, Pa., where many kinds of Bell System electronic equipment are made.

"My job is testing integrated circuits. There are about 700 on each wafer about the size of a half dollar, and I have to test each one."

Because complete circuits are less than one hundredth of a square inch, she does her work through a microscope. It's demanding work, but it's rewarding.

"All these little circuits are used in the telephone or in some other part of the Bell System. So you see they all help people talk to each other.

"And just knowing all of that," says Lola, "may be just about the nicest

part of working for Western Electric."

It certainly is a very rewarding part of being Western Electric. The people who make Bell telephones and the communications equipment of the future.



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## SCIENCE

### A Death in Jerusalem

It was a time of great unrest and turmoil in ancient Judea. Restive under the rule of pagan Rome, the Jews of Palestine in the 1st century A.D. repeatedly defied their conquerors with covert gestures of opposition and open acts of rebellion. The Roman response was usually swift and cruel. Perhaps because he participated in one of these uprisings or committed some other grievous offense in the eyes of Jerusalem's stern rulers, a young Judean named Yehohanan (a Hebrew form of John) was sentenced to death. Like thousands of other Jews—including Jesus of Nazareth—who were also condemned by the Roman procurators during those tur-

bulent years, Yehohanan died slowly and painfully on the cross. **First Evidence.** Yehohanan's death was quickly forgotten. No documents have ever been found that record his crime or recall his crucifixion. Yet, after nearly 2,000 years, he has now suddenly and sensationally re-emerged from the dustbins of history. Last week Israeli archaeologists announced that they had identified the remains of the unfortunate young man and found clear evidence of his grisly execution.

The Israeli scholars, who studied the find for more than two years before making their announcement, were understandably cautious. What they uncovered and authenticated is the first firm physical evidence of an actual crucifixion in the ancient Mediterranean world. Although history records that this form of punishment was continued by the Romans until the 4th century A.D. (when it was finally outlawed by the Emperor Constantine I, who legalized Christianity in the empire), the only previous phys-

ical evidence of crucifixion was extremely tenuous. It consisted of a few bones, excavated in Italy and Rumania, containing holes in the forearms and heels that could have been made during crucifixions. But there was never any trace of the nails that might have been used to penetrate the body of the victim and fasten him to the cross.

The new archaeological evidence, a byproduct of intense excavation and building activities by the Israelis in the territories they conquered in the Six-Day War, is far more substantial. In June 1968, a year after Israeli troops occupied all of Jerusalem, workmen began bulldozing a rocky hillside more than a mile north of the Old City's Damascus Gate in preparation for putting up a



RECONSTRUCTION OF CRUCIFIXION

From a few fragile bones, evidence of barbarous punishment.



DETAIL FROM DÜRER'S "ADORATION"

modern apartment-house complex. They discovered almost immediately that the site, called Giv'at ha-Mivtar (meaning Hill of the Divide), was honeycombed with burial caves dating back to biblical times.

Summoned by Israel's Department of Antiquities and Museums, Archaeologist Vasilios Tzaferis quickly pried open the lids of 15 ossuaries, or stone coffins, which held the skeletons of 35 people—eleven men, twelve women and twelve children. At least five of the Judeans had met violent deaths. But Tzaferis was especially intrigued by what he found in one ossuary, which contained the bones of a child about three or four years old and those of an adult whose name—Yehohanan—was inscribed in barely legible Aramaic letters on the outside. The man's heel bones were penetrated by the rusty remains of a 7-in.-long nail.

From these fragile bones, a Rumanian-born anatomist and anthropologist at Jerusalem's Hebrew University,

Nieu Haas, was able to put together a surprisingly detailed picture of the young man: in his mid-20s at the time of his death, he was of average height for the period (5 ft. 5 in.), had delicate, pleasing features that seemed to approach the Hellenistic ideal, probably wore a beard, and apparently had never performed any really arduous labor—indicating his possible upper-class origins. Except for the injuries inflicted during his crucifixion, he seemed to have been in exceptionally fine health. His only deformities were a slight cleft palate and a barely perceptible asymmetry of the skull, possibly a sign of a difficult birth.

**Crooked Nail.** The single telltale nail was preserved by an odd quirk. Because of a tough knot in the olive wood of the cross, the nail was slightly bent to the side as it was hammered into place. Later, after the young man had been given the traditional *coup de grâce* (a blow that broke both legs and would have hastened the victim's death by causing hemorrhage and shock), the crooked nail apparently proved to be stubbornly embedded in the cross and hindered efforts to take down the body. The only practical way that this could be done, writes Haas in the *Israel Exploration Journal*, was "to cut the feet off and then remove the entire complex—nail, plaque of wood [which helped keep the feet in position] and feet—from the cross." Then, these severed parts were apparently immediately buried along with the rest of the body in a temporary grave; Jewish custom forbids long exposure after death. Subsequently, Yehohanan's remains were disinterred by friends or relatives and removed to their permanent resting place outside the city, where they lay undisturbed until 1968.

The actual date of the execution was not so apparent. But from pottery and other artifacts in the cave, the Israeli scholars were able to make a rough estimate: it could have taken place as early as A.D. 7, when the Judeans rose up against the Romans to protest an official census, or as late as the final decade before the destruction of the Second Temple and the dispersion of the Jews in A.D. 70.

**Jesus' Agony.** The time and place of the young man's execution invited comparison to Jesus Christ's own Passion on the cross—which scholars believe took place about A.D. 30, when Jesus was in his mid-30s.\* But Israel's director of antiquities, Avraham Biran, and a number of Christian biblical scholars were quick to warn against any attempt to identify the skeleton as that of Jesus. As Dr. Bruce Metzger of the

\* In fixing the date for the start of the Christian era, the 6th century Scythian monk Dionysius Exiguus introduced an error of at least four years in calculating the year of Jesus' birth. Furthermore, the Gospels do not give a precise date for either Christ's birth or death.

Princeton Theological Seminary pointed out, "We have absolutely no knowledge of Jesus' physical stature." Moreover, the man was younger than Jesus, and the Gospels report that the Roman soldiers, in contrast to their regular practice, did not break the legs of Jesus before his death; they thrust a lance into his side. Both the archaeologists and biblical scholars were understandably concerned. Any suggestion, however farfetched, that the body was that of Jesus would challenge two of Christianity's central beliefs: the Resurrection, the doctrine that Christ rose from the dead three days after the Crucifixion; and the Ascension, which holds that Jesus ascended bodily into heaven 40 days later.

Although the Giv'at ha-Mivtar finding does not add any new information about Jesus' life, it may give added di-



YEHOHANAN'S HEEL BONE  
Pierced by a telltale nail.

mension to his final suffering. In classical religious art, the crucified Jesus is usually shown in an erect position, fastened to the cross by nails driven through his outstretched hands and through his feet. To some scholars, however, that interpretation of the Crucifixion has long seemed highly implausible. With the bulk of his weight suspended from his hands, the victim's body would sag; it would become extremely difficult for the breathing muscles to function, and death would almost surely follow rapidly. According to Haas' reconstruction of Yehohanan's crucifixion—which could well have been typical of those in ancient Palestine—the nails were driven through the forearms to provide greater support and the victim's legs were twisted to one side and folded up. Haas calls this a "compulsive, unnatural position." But, he explains, it would have served the purposes of the executioners very well: it would have prolonged both the victim's life and his agony.

## Astronomical Mystery

Soon after Caltech astronomers began aiming long-range radar beams at Venus in 1962, they made an unexpected discovery. They found that the earth's cloud-shrouded neighbor spins not only more slowly than the other planets, but also in the opposite direction.\* Long puzzled by Venus' eccentric behavior and dissatisfied with previous attempts to explain it, Geophysicist S. Fred Singer has now come forth with an ingenious theory.

Most scientists have attributed the peculiar spin of Venus to huge tidal bulges created long ago on the surface of the planet by the sun's gravitational field. Such bulges would have acted like brake shoes on the rim of a flywheel; eventually they could have slowed the planet's rotation and perhaps even reversed it. Singer, the Interior Department's deputy assistant secretary for scientific programs, considers this explanation totally inadequate. The solar tidal effect, he says in *Science*, would have been far too small to account for even Venus' current rate of rotation, only once every 243 earth days. Thus it certainly could not have caused an actual reversal of rotation.

Near Miss. Looking for a better solution, Singer recalled an old suggestion by Nobel Laureate Harold Urey, who argued that in the early days of the solar system the inner planets were accompanied in orbit around the sun by many moonlike bodies. Because only one of these ancient "moons" remains (the earth's), it seems quite likely that most of the others eventually collided with the planets. Singer dismisses the possibility that a direct hit by a moon could have reversed Venus' spin: the moon would have been much too small. But his calculations indicate that a near miss by a moon traveling counter to the direction of Venus' rotation might have turned the trick.

Initially, the momentum of the errant moon would have carried it beyond Venus. Then, as Venusian gravity pulled it back, it would have again sped by the planet—but this time not so far out into space. Eventually, as the tidal forces between the two bodies increased during this strange celestial courtship, the moon would have been drawn into an increasingly smaller orbit around the planet. At the same time, Venus' spin would have been greatly retarded and eventually reversed; the planet's surface would also have become searingly hot from the friction of the tidal movements, and volcanoes would have erupted—giving off the thick clouds of gases that still envelop Venus. Finally, after about 100 years, the moon would have come crashing into Venus, leaving the slow, backward spin as the legacy of a primordial celestial drama.

\* The only exception: Uranus, whose backward rotation is an astronomical mystery.

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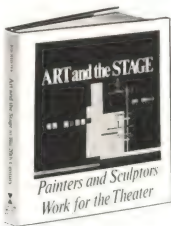
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## MODERN LIVING

### Sweet Smell of Success

It is the standard American bedtime cartoon: the wife whose cold-cream-slathered face makes a death mask look comparatively pert, and the husband who can't get the light out fast enough to miss the sight. These days the man in the picture would do well to take a second look—not to mention a healthy sniff. Chances are that the lady is no longer mulched in mineral oil and petroleum jelly but gently steeped in camomile tea and elder-flower lotion. The bedroom air, once heady with hints of lye, is more likely flavored with the scent of fresh strawberries, lemons, grapefruit and peaches. For the natural-cosmetics industry, the fragrance is pleasingly identifiable: it is the sweet smell of success.

**Cucumber Cream.** Organic materials have been used in cosmetics for years, but only in small amounts (to lend eyelids "the impudent luster of fresh celery") and always with a chemical preservative added to extend shelf life. Today, as a direct byproduct of the back-to-nature health-food boom and the growing concern about ecology, beauty products of purely natural ingredients are being marketed at an ever-increasing rate. Explains Los Angeles Cosmetologist Gwen Seager Taylor: "Regular commercial products may not be harmful, but they are like eating white bread with preservatives added. Natural cosmetics, like whole-grain bread, give you back what nature gave you." Whereas a year ago cucumber cleansing cream was obtainable only in a health-food store or an esoteric pharmacy, now there are scores of brands to choose from, all available in the natural-cosmetics shops that have sprung up across the country and in many drugstores and major department stores as well.

It is the smaller, independent manufacturers who provide the most comprehensive and insistently organic cosmetics. Gwen Seager Taylor's line—Cos-

metic Originals by Gwen—is distributed through health-food stores in California, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New England. Gwen lipsticks (\$2.50) are naturally colored with extracts of carrots, beets, eggplant, raspberries and blueberries; her face powder is a translucent blend of rice and corn. Of particular benefit to smog-bound skins are the natural-enzyme creams (\$6) that "literally digest pollution" by dissolving toxic oils. Sallow, freckled or fading complexions are promised brighter days with Lights Up, a lotion of organic cucumbers and lemons.

In Manhattan, a tiny, green velvet-walled shop called "i" is only five weeks old and already doing close to \$3,000 business a week in items like Quince Seed Conditioner (\$3), Papaya Night Cream (\$9.50) and Wild Raisin Eye Shadow (\$5). Co-Owners Sandy Oringer and Lois Muller started out with a mail-order offer—\$2 for a jar of strawberry cleansing cream, grapefruit fresher and lemon moisturizer—that drew such response that they formulated an entire line of raw-juice and oil-based cosmetics and found a chemist to put it together.

**English Clay.** "It is time," says Sandy. "For the American woman to begin to think in a new way about her skin care." Thinking about it, for i's customers, involves a daily regimen of the strawberry-juice cleanser, grapefruit-juice fresher, and lemon-juice moisturizer, a lubricating cream of blended peanut, sesame and sunflower oils, wheat germ and avocado, and a weekly application of an English clay mask ("English clay has more dampness in it").

Rumanian Skin-Care Specialist Mario Badescu opened his New York natural-cosmetics salon last year to a gush of customers, including Marlene Dietrich and airline stewardesses ("They suffer," he says sadly, "from dehydrated skin"). Badescu scans a client's skin closely, then darts into his kitchen for the \$15 treatment: a dough mask (made daily of wheat germ, oil and elder flower) for skin



### Who Wears the Pants?

As if it is not difficult enough to tell who wears the pants in the family, something new has come along to add to the confusion: panty hose for men. Stretch-nylon Mani-Hose, designed to be worn as underwear, are catching on across the U.S. Ribbed from the calf down and equipped with a fly front, they come in several colors but in only one size—30-40 waist and 12-13 foot. After being bought initially by only the most daring, they have now become popular (at \$6.50 per pair) with thousands of policemen, mailmen, skiers and other outdoor types.

that "needs badly to breathe," yeast for acne, potato juice for oily skin and rosehip tea for broken capillaries. Because there is no preservative added, Badescu's products all require refrigeration and should be used within two months. But then, as he tells it, "they are not packaged for adornment but for use."

**Charred Eggplant.** The Natural Living Center in Wilton, Conn., opened two years ago, originally sold only natural foods and vitamins, now offers such far-out items as chlorophyll deodorant capsules (\$3), toothpowder made of charred eggplant and sea salt (\$5e), wild-honey shampoo (\$9.95 for the giant size), an herb facial pack (\$2.75) and lipsticks made of wheat-germ oil and available in 16 shades (\$2.25). A big seller at the center, however, is plain old "Supernatural Pure Castile" soap. Explains Cosmetician Kathy Pramer, "It's the hippies. They wash their hair with it, and their bodies, and they even brush their teeth with it."

Such organic ablutions would not have seemed excessive to the Roman Empress Poppaea, whose recipe for face cream was the runaway success of the 1st century. Her secret combination: bread and asses' milk.

APPLYING DOUGH MASK



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## BUSINESS

# What Congress Did For Business

EVER since the New Deal, a common-law marriage has existed between the U.S. Government and private business. Like most such arrangements, the affair has been troubled by tensions and uncertainty. Despite four decades of alliance, the two parties are still wary of each other: at the same time they are becoming increasingly beholden to each other. The Government's money tempts business to ask for more and more aid. Politicians are reluctant to refuse to dole it out because business prosperity is needed to keep voters happy. Last year an otherwise lethargic Congress enacted a surprising amount of legislation that subsidized, succored, or, in some cases, hurt private business. In nearly every case, the free-enterprise system lost a bit more of its freedom or competition.

**Going on Welfare.** To forestall collapse, two giant corporations went on public welfare. At the Pentagon's urging, Congress last month voted a \$200 million "contingency" payment to Lockheed Aircraft to help cover \$758 million of unexpected costs in producing the Air Force's C-5A jumbo jet. The \$200 million was only the first installment in a financial rescue that could well cost the taxpayers at least three times as much. Without such aid, said Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard, Lockheed faced bankruptcy, and other defense sub-contractors could go under in its wake. Last week, however, Lockheed rejected the Pentagon's proffered \$558 million settlement as unfair because the compa-

ny would have to absorb a \$200 million loss. Lockheed announced that it will sue for more generous terms.\*

For the Penn Central and other bankrupt railroads, Congress authorized \$125 million in loan guarantees. That put off for the time being a complete shutdown of the Penn Central, the nation's largest railroad. A major part of the bailout money will go to pay its share of the inflationary 13½% wage increase that Congress ordered for all U.S. railroad workers as part of last month's law prohibiting a rail strike until March 1. Congress and the Administration also created a quasi-governmental body, the National Railroad Passenger Corp., to take over intercity passenger trains, starting May 1. It will relieve private lines of the \$200 million annual loss they suffer from passenger service they would prefer not to supply.

Critics of the Government's expanding role in propping up indigent corporations and shaky industries complain that such aid promotes inefficiency by deadening the cost-pruning pressure of competition and, in some cases, by shielding inept management from the consequences of failure. And once federal aid has started, it is difficult to withdraw.

Wall Street turned to Washington

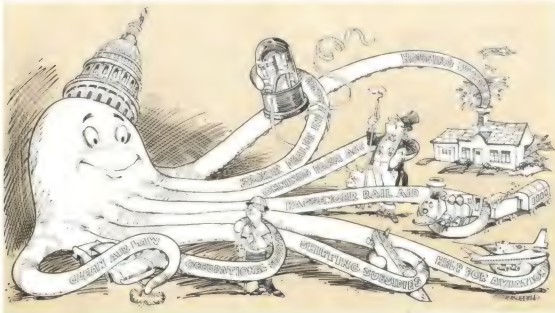
\* Congress last year authorized \$19.9 billion in new spending for military weapons, down from \$20.7 billion the previous year. By Pentagon estimates, defense employment will drop to 2,400,000 by June, down 1,100,000 from 1968.

for salvation after the wholesale collapse of brokerage firms exposed the mismanagement and undercapitalization of much of the securities trading business. The outcome was emergency legislation, signed into law two weeks ago by President Nixon. The new law set up the Securities Investor Protection Corp., a Government-controlled corporation that will insure investors against losses of up to \$50,000 (including a maximum \$20,000 in cash) in brokerage-house failures. A \$150 million insurance fund will be raised by assessing brokers up to 1% of their annual revenues.

**Preference Plans.** The Government also moved into crime insurance in response to an outcry from householders and merchants in crime-infested cities. The 1970 Housing Act empowers the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development to start selling burglary, robbery and other forms of theft policies next Aug. 1 in states where private insurance is not available at "affordable rates." Chances are that HUD will operate through existing private companies and brokerages by acting as re-insurer to them. Though high commission rates (average: 15%) paid to agents are one cause of soaring premiums, Congress responded to insurance-industry lobbying by directing HUD to allow agents to collect "reasonable and adequate" commissions.

Since the 1930s, Washington has spent or committed at least \$20 billion for a widening array of subsidy pro-

DRAWING FOR JUNE 25, 1971 BY GORDON



grams to make homes and apartments cheaper for one segment or another of the population. One subsidy usually begets a demand for another, and last year Congress concocted a new batch of preference plans for the latest beneficiary: middle-income families. Among other things an \$85-million program will soon be put into effect, allowing Federal Home Loan Banks to absorb mortgage interest up to \$20 a month for five years for home buyers in the \$7,000 to \$12,000 a year income bracket. The loans will be dispensed through savings and loan associations. Thanks to the lower payments, many more families should be able to qualify as home buyers. The \$85 million, however, will be enough for only 70,000 of the 18 million U.S. families that the Bank Board seeks to aid: such shortfalls are chronic in housing subsidy programs.

**Holes in the Ceiling.** As usual, Congress did not forget the farmers. The lawmakers approved a three-year price-support law for wool, wheat, feed grains and cotton that will cost taxpayers just about what farm support costs them now—approximately \$3.8 billion annually. For the first time Congress placed a limit, \$55,000, on the amount of subsidy that a farmer may receive per crop. But that ceiling affects only about 1,100 of the nation's 3,000,000 farmers—among them, Senator James O. Eastland, who collected \$146,792 during 1969 for his cotton plantation in Sunflower County, Miss. Still, there are several loopholes in the new rules through which big farmers can escape financial loss. It will, in fact, be difficult to end farm subsidies, not only because of the farm vote, but also because the billions that the U.S. has already spent in such aid have had the unintended side effect of raising the price of farm land. Subsidy-inflated land prices now support local real estate tax structures and the standard of living in much of the farm belt. Sudden change could easily cause economic havoc in whole regions of the U.S.

The U.S. merchant marine and the nation's shipbuilders will also receive a huge new infusion of Government money. The Merchant Marine Act of 1970 provides subsidies to shipyards of some \$2.7 billion to cover the extra cost of building 300 ships in domestic yards rather than abroad. In addition, ship operators will get as much as \$2 billion over the next decade to cover the wage differentials between American and foreign seamen, plus several billion more for other extra costs. The Merchant Marine program, proposed by President Nixon to fulfill a 1968 campaign pledge and adopted by Congress with hardly a dissenting vote, is a gamble designed to spur American shipbuilders to reduce their outsized costs through mass production. The new era of container vessels, Administration officials believe, has turned shipping into a capital-intensive game in which the U.S. can compete with foreign nations—provided that

domestic yards give U.S. operators an efficient fleet at reasonable prices.

While many congressional moves will help specific industries, at least for the short run, other actions will raise costs for nearly all businessmen. One of Nixon's few victories in Congress last year was the law that created a semipublic postal corporation to be called the U.S. Postal Service. The law removes control of the postal system—employment, wages, postal rates and capital expenditures—from the dictates of Congress and transfers the system to a presidentially appointed, nine-man board. Established by the Continental Congress, the Post Office has lost money in all but 17 years of its history. To end its deficits as the new law requires, the Postal

duction in nitrogen oxide emissions by 1976. Detroit executives protested in vain that the deadline is too short to allow engineers to solve the technical problems involved.

If fully enforced, the Clean Air Act will also impinge on business planning and even some aspects of everyday life. States will have to approve the location of new factories; freeway construction may be required to give way to expansion of mass transit, and cities may be forced to restrict the downtown use of autos. Compliance will be costly for industry. Warns Muskie: "Many facilities will require major investments in new technology and processes. Some facilities may be closed."

The backbone of the law will be



EASTLAND ON HIS MISSISSIPPI PLANTATION  
*Strengthened ties, painful adjustments.*

Service will have to raise rates as well as modernize creaky facilities. First-class postage is expected to go up from 6¢ to 8¢ per oz. Newspaper and magazine publishers, the principal users of second-class mail, face even greater increases in their postal bills—a prospect that has already impelled some magazines to reduce their page size to cut mailing charges (see THE PRESS). By Post Office computations, second-class mail now pays only 40% of its cost and is the greatest single source of postal losses.

Many of last year's congressional actions were a frank response to the rising demand for consumer and environmental protection. Before 1970 it would have been unthinkable for Congress to adopt such a draconian measure as Senator Edmund Muskie's Clean Air Act. Automakers will be the most severely affected. The law requires a 90% reduction in carbon monoxide and hydrocarbon contamination from engine exhausts by 1975, and the same re-

new air-quality standards to be set by the Environmental Protection Agency. It will specify allowable nationwide levels of such major pollutants as soot and sulfur dioxide. Though states will translate the standards into emission tolerances for individual factories, the EPA can take over such policing on 120 days' notice if states fail to follow through. As an alternative, the EPA may sue polluters directly. In a remarkable expansion of the power of ordinary Americans to combat bureaucratic diffidence, the law also authorizes citizen suits against alleged violators or, for lax enforcement, against the EPA itself. Violators are subject to fines of \$25,000 a day or two years in jail.

Congressional concern for consumer protection also led to a far-reaching Occupational Health and Safety Act. The law established federal supervision over working conditions, something hitherto left largely to state regulation (except for coal mines). The law aims to re-

duce the shocking annual toll of on-the-job accidents: 14,500 workers killed and 2,200,000 injured. As organized labor wanted, the act gives the Secretary of Labor the power to fix safety standards for all factories, farms and construction projects involved in interstate commerce. As businessmen urged, the act leaves enforcement to a three-member commission to be named by the President.

**Redrawing the Rules.** Taken together, last year's congressional actions strengthen the ties that bind Government and business together. With securities insurance added to long-existing mortgage and bank deposit insurance, Washington's total financial liability in a serious economic slump could conceivably reach an astronomical figure. Still, despite its controversial habit of subsidizing transportation, housing, farming and shipping, Congress so far shows little inclination to rescue individual companies except to preserve vital national services. Lawmakers last year made no move to bail out film makers, conglomerates or airlines.

As the many measures for consumer and environmental protection show, Congress is responding to newly perceived flaws in the U.S. economy. Says Harold L. Buma, vice president and economist for San Francisco's Wells Fargo Bank: "Our enterprise system isn't perfect. It doesn't provide equitable salary and wage distribution. In some cases, it doesn't provide the right labeling on packages. There have been defects in autos. These are the kinds of cancers that can really destroy our system. So the Government has to redraw the rules under which enterprise will operate." However painful the adjustments, many businessmen will probably have to accept new and restrictive rules in order to preserve the U.S. business system they cherish. For in the long run, prosperity and domestic tranquility require economic as well as social justice.

"We're right on the fine edge between calling it the most severe downturn that was not a recession—or one of the mildest recessions since World War II. It could go either way."

Nonetheless, it seemed clear last week that the bureau's key decision makers were leaning toward "recession." They figure that the downturn started in the autumn of 1969 and may have reached its low point in November of 1970, even though the nation is still suffering some downbeat effects. Last week the Labor Department announced that unemployment rose from 5.8% in November to 6% in December. That was the highest jobless rate since December 1961.

The N.B.E.R. is likely to pronounce its judgment in March, and the ruling may well include some redefinition of just what constitutes a recession in an era when the cyclical swings of business are less severe than in the past. Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns, who labeled most of the four earlier postwar recessions when he headed the N.B.E.R., told friends as long ago as May: "They have to call it a recession. I don't see what else they can do."

## HOUSING

### Subsidized Fraud

Whenever the Government writes a blank check to the housing industry, some sort of scandal is likely to result. Under the Federal Housing Administration's long defunct Section 608 program, builders in the early 1950s ended the postwar shortage of rental housing by erecting half a million apartments. In the process, many builders pocketed millions of dollars of unearned profit from mortgage loans that exceeded the cost of construction. The loans were based on FHA cost estimates, and nobody had told the agency to check on whether its estimates exceeded costs ac-

tually incurred. They often did. The upshot was the notorious "windfall scandals" of 1954.

Last week the FHA's current and popular program to subsidize home ownership for low- and moderate-income families, under Section 235 of the Housing Act of 1968, ran into a similar thicket of trouble. A staff study issued by Wright Patman's House Banking Committee charged that the FHA has allowed real estate speculators using the program to make huge profits at the expense of the poor through what amounts to "sheer fraud." The FHA "virtually turned its back," the report asserted, while unscrupulous operators bought or built ramshackle dwellings, obtained inflated valuations from FHA appraisers and unloaded them on ignorant but trusting buyers. Said the reports: "FHA is insuring existing homes that are of such poor quality that there is little or no possibility they can survive the life of the mortgage. In new construction, FHA has appraised houses for figures that are inflated by several thousands of dollars above the true value of the home. The construction is of the cheapest type of materials. Instead of buying a home, people purchasing these houses are buying a disaster."

Under Section 235, which mainly benefits families earning between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year, the Government can pay all but 1% of the interest on 30-year mortgage loans up to \$24,000. Down payments by purchasers run as low as \$200. So far, FHA has underwritten Section 235 loans on some 119,000 houses, and the agency expects that the nation's taxpayers will have to put up \$800 million for subsidies before the loans are repaid.

Prompted by a torrent of complaints from victimized buyers, Banking Committee staff members investigated Section 235 homes in ten cities. "It is common practice in the inner city," said the

## THE ECONOMY

### Nixon's Recession?

Investors, executives, blue-collar workers and just about everybody else agree that the U.S. economy has been suffering through a recession. But most of President Nixon's aides have avoided that word, preferring to describe their engineered economic slowdown as an "adjustment" or a "recedence." The semantic tug of war might seem to be only an academic matter, but it could have important political consequences in the 1972 election. Nixon figures that the last recession cost him the presidency in 1960.

The official referee in such matters is the private, nonprofit National Bureau of Economic Research, which judges by scrutinizing real gross national production, unemployment, corporate profits and other indicators. N.B.E.R.'s experts are now strenuously debating the correct label to place on the slump. Says Vice President F. Thomas Juster:



HUD'S ROMNEY



RUNDOWN FHA HOUSING IN WASHINGTON



report, "to pick up houses for minimal amounts, perform a so-called 'paste-up' or 'cosmetic' rehabilitation which, in many cases, amounts to a few hundred dollars, and then resell the property under Section 235 for a profit of thousands of dollars." Buyers are willing to pay outrageous prices partly because of the exceptionally easy terms made possible by the subsidies. In Paterson, N.J., for example, a speculator recently sold 15 old, substandard properties at prices ranging from \$7,650 to \$18,200 more than he had just paid for them—with FHA approval. One house, a former tavern that had been ordered boarded up by the city, was sold for \$1,800 to a speculator who unloaded it four months later for \$20,000. Repairs had been meager: the old bar still stood in the living room.

**Instant Slums?** In several cities, said the committee study, the staff found supposedly renovated Section 235 houses with "faulty plumbing, leaky basements and roofs, cracked plaster, faulty wiring and heating, and rotting wood in floors, stairs or ceilings." As for new homes built under the program, the staff labeled two projects, in Elmwood, Mo., and Everett, Wash., as "instant slums" because of shoddy construction, flimsy materials or fire hazards. In Seattle, some Section 235 buyers—all on welfare—are suing FHA for damages because, soon after they moved in, the city declared their homes "substandard" and ordered them repaired or condemned.

Defending the FHA, George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, last week angrily denounced the Banking Committee study as "inaccurate, misleading and very incomplete." The committee staff based its findings on a look at only 280 homes. "They've picked out a few horror examples," fumed Romney. Still, he conceded that "some shocking situations" do exist. The FHA has already tightened its appraisal rules, increased its inspections and raised its property standards in an effort to stop the speculative spree. Romney, a onetime president of American Motors, noted that a used-car buyer often finds that "it is tough to keep somebody from taking advantage of you. Well, it's child's play compared to the used-house business."

For all the furor, Congress seems unlikely to order any curtailment of Section 235. The program has broad bipartisan support, partly because it provides low-income families with housing at considerably less cost to taxpayers than public housing projects. The disclosures, however, may jar the FHA into taking a more protective attitude toward low-income families that buy houses. One complaint in the study involved a Washington, D.C., woman who made a deal to pay \$14,000 for a house that had changed hands three weeks earlier for only \$7,100. It was in such bad shape that embarrassed FHA officials last week agreed to transfer her mortgage to another house in better condition.



ENGLISH INDUSTRIAL WORKERS



LORD ROBENS



COOK'S TOUR BUS

*Like pawning the Crown jewels.*

## BRITAIN

### The Politics of Selling Off

To keep local munitions workers sober during the Great War, the government of Lloyd George expropriated a brewery in the north of England and severely restricted drinking in its chain of 450 pubs. When a British travel firm's Belgian parent company was seized by the Nazis in World War II, the government of Winston Churchill assumed title to Thomas Cook & Son. By now, Britain's march toward nationalization has led to a state-owned industrial complex of brobdingnagian proportions. One-tenth of the country's labor force works for government enterprises, including railways, docks, airlines, bus lines, hotels, steel mills, electric plants, and telephone, trucking and container firms. Today, however, Edward Heath's Conservative government wants to sell off some of the Crown's more profitable but less strategic companies. From the opposition that is developing, it would appear that Heath was trying to pawn the Crown jewels.

Last week Lord Robens, chairman of the National Coal Board, gave up his job in protest over government plans to partly dismantle his \$2 billion-a-year fuel conglomerate, which is the world's largest coal company. The Tories want to strip off some of the Coal Board's many nonmining sidelines, like chemicals, brickmaking and North Sea gas ex-

ploration. Robens, a hearty Yorkshireman known among miners as "Alf," did not care to preside over the dismantling. "Taking profitable areas away from the National Coal Board," he warned, "would make it more difficult for the coal industry to be viable."

**Poor Virgin.** Even so, Ted Heath's government has announced a policy of state "disengagement" from industry. Hoping to stimulate free enterprise and cut back on public expenditure, Heath intends to sell some state operations to private companies and seek partnerships with private investors in others. His campaign became apparent in November when he fired Viscount Hall, chairman of the Post Office Corporation. Hall was opposed to attempts to tinker with his 500,000-man empire, especially its enterprising nonpostal activities: computer sharing, a savings bank and a personal-loan service. A former Labor member of Parliament, Hall called his sacking "a monstrous rape of the corporation by force. I feel like a virgin girl who has been thoroughly raped." The chief executives in the 16 other major nationalized industries are nervously awaiting Heath's next move.

Nationalization has long been a political soccer ball in Britain. When the Labor Party took office in 1945, it wasted little time taking over coal mining, railroads, trucking, electric power, steel and the London transit system. When the Conservatives rebounded to power



in 1951, they set about denationalizing steel and trucking, and decentralizing some of the other state monopolies. Labor came back under Prime Minister Harold Wilson in 1964 and returned steel and trucking to government ownership. Before the Conservatives took over last June, nationalized industries had grown and diversified into a group that has \$25 billion in assets and accounts for 11% of Britain's gross domestic product. In addition to the enterprises the government owns outright, there are others—like British Petroleum and BOAC—that are 51% or 49% government-owned.

**Attractive Holdings.** Heath does not plan to dismantle the state industrial machine completely. Operations that amount to public utilities—like gas, electricity and transportation—are not targets for denationalization, though the Tories will try to attract private investment to some companies in those fields. At present, nationalized firms must look to the government for roughly half their loan capital—a \$1 billion-plus annual drain on the treasury. While a few state-owned industries, like gas, electricity and the airlines, occasionally turn a profit, most others are perennial losers. The Coal Board has piled up \$34.5 million in deficits, despite Lord Robens' moves to reduce costs and increase productivity. Heath may have a hard time trying to interest private investors in such poor performers.

To whet investors' appetites, the government will probably sell off entirely two of its most attractive holdings: Thomas Cook & Son, which last year earned \$2,900,000, and Pickfords, a healthy freight forwarder. Profitable sidelines of the major nationalized firms would come next. Indeed, the government is due to begin talks with British Steel this month. One plan suggested by a few hard-lining Tories is to strip the company of its three most promising divisions—chemicals, special steels and construction engineering—and leave it with three less profitable branches. Pessimists in Harold Wilson's Labor Party are already talking about a return to the "bad old days," when just about the only firm in Britain that was accountable to the public was that brewery in the north.

## EXECUTIVES

### A Black for G.M.'s Board

When a dissident stockholder at General Motors' annual meeting last May asked why the world's largest manufacturer had no black directors, Chairman James Roche replied blandly: "Because none have been elected." Behind that biased front, G.M. management has been more concerned than it has ever admitted by insistent charges that it does not show enough social responsibility. The charges have been leveled primarily by Ralph Nader and his followers in "Campaign G.M." The workers in Campaign G.M. raised a ruckus at the last an-

nual meeting and are now ready to begin soliciting proxies for the next one. But General Motors is not waiting. Last week the corporation elected a black to its 23-man board. He is the Rev. Leon H. Sullivan, who was once assistant pastor to Adam Clayton Powell at Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church, and more recently has specialized in persuading or pushing U.S. industry to hire Negro workers. His election raises the number of blacks known to be on boards of major U.S. companies to eight.\*

A tall (6 ft. 5 in.), powerfully built and forcefully spoken pastor, Sullivan will bring to the board a valuable sensitivity to current trends. He first came to prominence in the early 1960s, when he organized boycotts against companies



DIRECTOR SULLIVAN

He talks the business language.

that ignored his pleas to hire more blacks. Later he switched his emphasis to training blacks for industrial jobs; in 1964 he opened Opportunities Industrialization Center in an abandoned Philadelphia police station. With funds raised mostly from the white business community, O.I.C. has since opened branches in some 90 other U.S. cities, and trained an estimated 10,000 workers for factory jobs. Sullivan himself has picked up a dozen honorary degrees and the ability to talk the business language of his new G.M. associates; by now he is well acquainted with capital budgeting and cost-benefit ratios.

How much influence Sullivan is likely to have on G.M. remains to be seen.

\* Others recently elected include: William T. Coleman of Pan American, Thomas A. Wood of Chase Manhattan, Clifton R. Wharton of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

In recent years the board has been dominated by the views of Retired Chairman Frederic Donner, 68, veteran of a time when the auto was king and major corporations were only timidly criticized. Sullivan says, "I perfectly well realize that I was chosen because I am a black man," but he does not intend to become a monument to corporate tokenism. Blacks account for 14% of G.M.'s employment in the U.S., but own only twelve of the company's 13,600 dealerships. "If I am going to stay on the board," says Sullivan, "they are going to have to have many more black dealers—and black salesmen."

## AIRLINES

### Matchmaking Aloft

The airline industry these days resembles an executive-suite version of *The Matchmaker*. Pan Am is flirting with Eastern Airlines and has an eye on Braniff. Northwest Orient last week won permission to take ailing Northeast for better or worse but lost the dowry it had expected. The Civil Aeronautics Board ruled that Northeast's Miami-Los Angeles route was not part of the arrangement—which consequently could fall through. Meanwhile, American and Continental were both vying for Kirk Kerkorian's Western Airlines, and American took over Trans-Caribbean, which flies between the East Coast and some Caribbean points.

The airlines' sudden coziness reflects the fact that misery not only loves, but often needs company—and 1970 was a miserable year. Pan Am and seven of the eleven domestic trunk lines lost a total of at least \$125 million during the year. The nine regional airlines collectively lost another \$50 million. Only four big lines—Eastern, Continental, Delta and Northwest Orient—showed a profit, mostly because they had the good luck to have busy routes, and made the most efficient use of their planes. Airmen argue that mergers will increase efficiency and reduce costs, and the Nixon Administration seems favorably disposed to the aerial matchmaking.

To save money now, the carriers have been wielding the personnel ax. Last year they laid off 9,000 people, and they expect to fire more this year. Pan Am announced last week that it plans to sack another 1,800 in the near future, including some pilots. The airlines have also reduced their service. Last year 658 flights—5% of the nation's total—were eliminated. Trans World Airlines, which lost \$65 million, has replaced two 747s on its Chicago-Los Angeles run with one 707, at least for the winter season.

There is even a move afoot among the lines to charge first-class passengers for drinks. And the airlines have asked permission from the CAB to raise their fares by 10%. Higher fares may discourage even more people from flying, but the industry is in such straits that permission will probably be granted.



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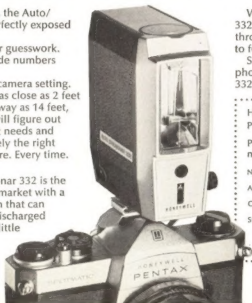
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